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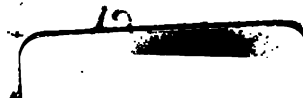
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THE *Illustration*
Ever Green,
BEING A
COLLECTION
OF
SCOTS POEMS,
Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600.

VOL. I.

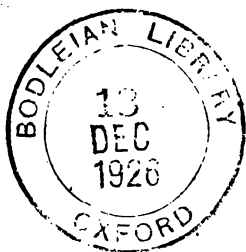
Published by ALLAN RAMSAY.

*Still green with Bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the Reach of sacrilegious Hands,
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer Rage,
Destructive War and all devouring Age.*

POPE.



EDINBURGH,
Printed by Mr. THOMAS RUDDIMAN for the Pu-
blisher, at his Shop near the Cross. M.DCC.XXXV.





TO HIS GRACE

JAMES

Duke of HAMILTON, &c.

Captain General,

And the rest of the Honourable
MEMBERS of the

Royal COMPANY of ARCHERS.

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

WHEN the more eminent Con-
cerns of Life, or the agree-
able Diversion of the BOW, do

iv. DEDICATION.

not employ your leasure Time, the following OLD BARDS present you with an Intertainment that can never be disagreeable to any SCOT'S Man, who despises the Fopery of admiring nothing but what is either new or foreign, and is a Lover of his Country. Such the Royal Company of ARCHERS are, and such every good Man should strive to be.

THE Spirit of Freedom that shines throw both the serious and comick Performances of our old Poets, appears of a Piece with that Love of Liberty that our antient Heroes contended for, and maintained Sword in Hand. From you then, *My Lords and Gentlemen*, who take Pleasure to represent our brave Ancestors, these POETS claim Regard and Patronage; they now
make

DEDICATION V.

make a Demand for that immortal Fame that tuned their Souls some Hundred Years ago, which is in your Power, by countenancing to bestow. They do not address you with an indigent Face, and a Thousand pityful Apologies, to bribe the good Will of the Criticks. No! 'tis long since they were superiour to the Spleen of these four Gentlemen.

EVERY one who has Generosity, and is not byass'd with a mistaken Prejudice, will allow, that good Sense, sharp Satyre, and witty Mirth, may be express'd with a true Spirit, altho' in antiquated Words and Phrases: When one bestows but a very small Pains to enter into the Authors Manner, then 'tis not to be doubted but the ROYAL COMPANY will receive and approve of these valuable Remains,
and

vi. **DEDICATION.**

and have a due Regard to the Memory of these meritorious Authors, and accept this Dedication from,

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

Their faithful Publisher,

And your most humble

And devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Edin. Octob.
15. 1724.



P R E F A C E.

I Have observed that Readers of the best and most exquisite Discernment frequently complain of our modern Writings, as filled with affected Delicacies and studied Refinements, which they would gladly exchange for that natural Strength of Thought and Simplicity of Style our Forefathers practised: To such, I hope, the following Collection of Poems will not be displeasing.

When these good old Bards wrote, we had not yet made Use of imported Trimming upon our Cloaths, nor of foreign Embroidery in our Writings. Their Poetry is the Product of their own Country, not pilfered and spoiled in the Transportation

viii. P R E F A C E.

tation from abroad : Their Images are native, and their Landships domestick ; copied from those Fields and Meadows we every Day behold.

The Morning rises (in the Poets Description) as she does in the Scottish Horizon. We are not carried to Greece or Italy for a Shade, a Stream or a Breeze. The Groves rise in our own Vallèys ; the Rivers flow from our own Fountains, and the Winds blow upon our own Hills. I find not Fault with those Things, as they are in Greece or Italy : But with a Northern Poet for fetching his Materials from these Places, in a Poem, of which his own Country is the Scene ; as our Hymners to the Spring and Makers of Pastorals frequently do.

This Miscellany will likewise recommend itself, by the Diversity of Subjects and Humour it contains. The grave Description and the wanton Story, the moral Saying and the mirthful Jest, will illustrate and alternately relieve each other.

The Reader whose Temper is spleen'd with the Vices and Follies now in Fasbi-

on,

on, may gratifie his Humour with the Satyres he will here find upon the Follies and Vices that were uppermost two or three Hundred Years ago. The Man, whose Inclinations are turned to Mirth; will be pleased to know how the good Fellow of a former Age told his jovial Tale; and the Lover may divert himself with the old fashioned Sonnet of an amorous Poet in Q. Margaret and Q. Mary's Days. In a Word, the following Collection will be such another Prospect to the Eye of the Mind, as to the outward Eye is the various Meadow, where Flowers of different Hue and Smell are mingled together in a beautiful Irregularity.

I hope also the Reader, when he dips into these Poems, will not be displeased with this Reflection; That he is stepping back into the Times that are past, and that exist no more. Thus the Manners and Customs then in Vogue, as he will find them here described, will have all the Air and Charm of Novelty; and that seldom fails of exciting Attention and pleasing the Mind. Besides, the

x. P R E F A C E.

Numbers, *in which these Images are conveyed, as they are not now commonly practised, will appear new and amusing.*

The different Stanza and varied Cadence will likewise much sooth and engage the Ear, which in Poetry especially must be always flattered. However, I do not expect that these Poems should please every Body, nay the critical Reader must needs find several Faults; for I own that there will be found in these Volumes two or three Pieces, whose Antiquity is their greatest Value; yet still I am perswaded there are many more that shall merit Approbation and Applause than Censure and Blame. The best Works are but a Kind of Miscellany, and the cleanest Corn is not without some Chaff, no not after often Winnowing: Besides, Dispraise is the easiest Part of Learning, and but at best the Offspring of uncharitable Wit. Every Clown can see that the Furrow is crooked, but where is the Man that will plow me one straight?

*There is nothing can be heard more silly than one's expressing his Ignorance of
his*

his native Language ; yet such there are, who can vaunt of acquiring a tolerable Perfection in the French or Italian Tongues, if they have been a Fortnight in Paris or a Month in Rome : But shew them the most elegant Thoughts in a Scots Dress, they as disdainfully as stupidly condemn it as barbarous. But the true Reason is obvious : Every one that is born never so little superior to the Vulgar, would fain distinguish themselves from them by some Manner or other, and such, it would appear, cannot arrive at a better Method. But this affected Class of Fops give no Uneasiness, not being numerous ; for the most part of our Gentlemen, who are generally Masters of the most useful and polite Languages, can take Pleasure (for a Change) to speak and read their own.

It was intended that an Account of the Authors of the following Collection should be given ; but not being furnished with such distinct Information as could be wished for that End at present, the Design is delayed, until the publishing of a Third or Fourth
suc-

succeeding Volume, wherein the Curious shall be satisfied, in as far as can be gathered, with Relation to their Lives and Characters, and the Time wherein they flourished. The Names of the Authors, as we find them in our Copies, are marked before or after their Poems.

I cannot finish this Preface, without grateful Acknowledgements to the Honorable Mr. WILLIAM CARMICHAEL Advocate, Brother to the Earl of Hyndford, who, with an easy Beneficence that is inseparable from a superior Mind, assisted me in this Undertaking with a valuable Number of Poems, in a large Manuscript-Book in Folio, collected and wrote by Mr. George Bannynntine in Anno 1568 ; from which MS. the most of the following are gathered: And if they prove acceptable to the World, they may have the Pleasure of expecting a great many more, and shall very soon be gratified.

C H R Y S T S.



CHRYSTSKIRK OF THE GREENE.

I.



AS nevir in *Scotland* hard nor sene
Sic Dancing and Deray,
Nowthir at *Falkland* on the Greene,
Nor *Pebills* at the Play,

A

A

N O T E S.

Because we strictly observe the old Orthography; for the more Conveniency of the Readers, we shall note some general Rules at the Bottom of the Page, as they occur, wherein the old Spelling differs from the present, in Words that have nothing else of the Antique, or Difference from the *English*: But shall refer you to the Glossary at the End of the second Vol. for the Explanation of all of that kind in particular, and of those that are more peculiar to this Nation.

Rule 1. *Grene, Jene, Cleue, &c.* Green, Seen, Clean. The double *ee* is supplied in such Words, commonly with one *e* before, and another after the Consonant.

2 *Chrysts-Kirk of the Grene.*

As was of Wowers, as I wene,

At *Chryfts-Kirk* on a Day;

Thair came our Kitties waschen clene

In new Kirtills of Gray,

Full gay,

At *Chryft-Kirk* of the Grene that Day.

II.

To danfs thir Damysells them dicht,

Thir Lasses licht of Laits:

Thair Gluvis war of the Raffell richt,

Thair Shune war of the Straits;

Thair Kirtills war of Lincome licht,

Weil preft with mony Plaits:

They war sae nyfs when Men them nicht,

They squeilt lyke ony Gaits,

Sae loud, at, &c. that Day.

III. OF

Danfs, Fenss, Glanfs, Dance, Fence, Glance. The *fs* us'd for the *ce* often in such Words.

Dicht, Licht, Richt, &c. Dight, Light, Right. The *ch* in such Words always us'd in Place of the *gh*.

Gluvis, Lufe, Haif, &c. Gloves, Love, Have. The *fand* v indifferently made use of in those and the like Words.

Shune, Mune, Sune, &c. Shoon (or Shoes) Moon, Soon, the double *oo*, never found in such Words. Sometimes they are spell'd, *Sone, Mone*; but in those, as in many others, we have endeavour'd to fix the Orthography to the most frequent Manner.

III.

OF all thir Maidens myld as meid,
Was nane *sæ* jimp as *Gillie*:
As ony Rose her Rude was reid,
Her Lyre was lyke the Lillie.
Fow zellow, zellow was her Heid;
But scho of Lufe *sæ* filly,
Thocht all hir Kin had sworn hir Deid,
Scho wald haif but sweit *Willie*
Alane, at *Chryst-Kirk, &c.* that Day.

IV.

SEHO skornit *Jok* and skrápit at him,
And murgeont him with Mokks,
He wald haif luvit, scho wald not lat him,
For all his zellow Lokks.

A 2

He

Weil, Deid, Heid, Meid, &c. Well, Dead, Head, Mead.
The Diphthong *vi* us'd in many such Words as now require
e, ea and *se*.

Sæ, Wæ, Mæ, Næ, Wald, &c. So, Wo, Moe,
None, Would. The *a* and *æ* in Place of *o* and *oe*, ex-
cept in those Words, *Ony, Mony*, which are the reverse.

Nyfs, Wyfs, Byt, Hyd, Myld, Lyk, &c. Niec, Wife, Bite,
Hide, Mild, Like. Our not sounding the *i* as the *English*
do, accounts very well; for our Elders spelling all Words
with a *y* of such a Sound.

4. *Chrysts-Kirk of the Green.*

He chereist hir, scho bad gae chat him,

Scho compt him not twa Clokks:

Sae schamefully his schort Goun set him,

His Limms wer lyk twa Rokks,

Scho said at, &c. that Day.

V.

THOM LUTAR was thair Menstral meit,

O Lord! as he coud lanis:

He playt sae schill, and sang sae sweet,

Quhyle *Towse* tuke a *Trans*.

Auld *Lightfute* thair he did forleit,

And counterfettes *Frans*;

He us'd himself as Man discret,

And up tuke *Moreis* Danis,

Full loud, at, &c. that Day.

VI. THEN

Sang, Lang, Band, Thrang, &c. *Song, Leong, Bond,*
Throng, the *a* is us'd in Place of *o*.

Tuke, Blude, Gude, Luke, Fule, Shute, &c. *Took, Blood,*
Good, Look, Fool, Shoot.

Quhyle, Quhat, Quho, Quyt, &c. *While, What, Who,*
White. The *qu* is always us'd for the German *u*, when an
h immediately follows. See Mr. *Raddian's* Glossary to
Gavin Douglas's Virgil.

Auld, Bauld, &c. *Old, Bold.* Here in many such Words
the Scots spell with an *in* Place of the Eng. *u*.

VI.

THEN *Steven* came *stepand* in with *Stends*,
 Nae *Rynk* nicht him *arrest* :
Platesluse he *hobit* up with *Bends*,
 For *Mald* he maid *Requicist*,
 He lap till he lay on his *Lends*;
 But *ryland* was *sae* *preist*,
Quhyle that he *hoistit* at *baith* *Ends*,
 For honour of the *Fest*,
 And *danst*, at, &c. *thar* *Day*.

A 3

VII. SYNE

Stepand, Ryland, &c. Stepping, Rising; and is frequently the Sign of the Participle of the Preter Tense; sometimes *an* and *in* instead of the modern *ing*.

Stevin, Stepand, Stends, as before, *Lasses light of Leits*, and generally through all, our ancient Bards endeavour to add a delicate and artful Smoothness to their Verse, by a Flow of Words that begin with the same initial Letters. No Poets of any Language ever pursued that Manner so close, or succeeded so well. *Dryden* and *Waller*, and some others of our best Moderns, in their Verification, seem to admire that Beauty.

When Men as many multiply'd his Kind. *Dryd.*
 And, *Oh! bow I long my tender Limbs to lay.* *Wal.*

One cannot help smiling to hear the Writer of *Mr. Waller's* life say, *That this Way of throwing off a Verse easily was first introduced by him.*

6 *Chryſt-Kirk of the Grene.*

VII.

SYNE *Robene Roy* begoud to revell,
 And *Dawny* to him druggit.
 Let be, quoth *Jok*, and cawd him *Jevell*,
 And be the Tail him tuggit.
 The *Kenſie* cleikit to a cavell;
 But, Lord, than how they luggit.
 Thay partit manly with a *Nevell*;
 I trow that Hair was ruggit
 Betwix them, at, &c. that Day.

VIII.

ANE bent a Bow, ſic Sturt coud ſteir him,
 Grit Skayth weſd to haif skard him:
 He cheiſt a Flane as did affeir him;
 The toder ſaid, *Dirdum, dardum*:

Throw

Begoud, Benk, Claw, Keiſt, &c. Began, or did begin, did bake, did climb, did caſt; our old Authors have a great many of ſuch Preterites of Verbs, moſt of which continue amongſt us ſtill.

Toder, Fader, Bruder, Moder, Hider, &c. That other, Father, Brother, Mother, Hither. The *d* is frequently us'd for *th* in ſuch Words,

Chryst-Kirk of the Grene. 7

Throw baith the Cheiks he thocht to cheir him,
Or throw the Erfs haif chard him.
Be ane Akerbraid it came not neir him,
I can not tell quhat mard him
Thair at, &c. that Day.

IX.

WITH that a Freynd of his cry'd fy,
And up an Arrow drew;
He forgit it sae furiously,
The Bow in Flenders flew:
Sae was the Will of God, trow I;
For had the Tree been trew,
Men said that kend his Archery,
He wald haif flain enow
At *Chryst-Kirk* on the Grene that Day.

X.

ANE hasty Hensure callit *Hary*,
Quha was an Archer beynd,
Tytt up a Taikle withouten tary,
That torment sae him teynd.

8 *Chryſt-Kirk of the Grene.*

I wat not quhidder his Hand coud vary,
 Or the Man was his Freynd;
 For he eſchapit throw Michts of *Mary*,
 As Man that nae Ill meind,
 But Gude, at *Chryſt-Kirk* on the Grene that Day.

XI.

THAN *Lewry* lyk a Lyon lap,
 And ſone a Flane can fedder;
 He hecht to perſe him at the Pap,
 Theron to wed a Weddir.
 He hit him on the Wame a Wap,
 It buſt lyk ony Bledder:
 But ſwa his Fortune was and Hap,
 His Doublet made of Ledder,
 Saiſt him, at, &c. that Day.

XII.

A zaip zung Man that ſtude him neiſt,
 Louſd aff a Schot with Yre;
 He etlit the Bern in at the Breiſt,
 The Bolt flew owre the Byre,

Anc

*Yellow, Zaip, Zung, Zier, Zan, &c: Yellow, Yap, Young,
 Year, You.*

Ane cryd, Fy, he had slain a Pricst,
A Myle bezond a Myre.
Then Bow and Bag frac him he keist,
And fled as ferfs as Fyre
Frac Flint, at, &c. that Day.

XIII.

With Forks and Flails, thay lent grit Flaps,
And flang togidder lyk Friggs:
With Bowgars of Barns thay best blew Kapps,
Quhyle thay of Berns maid Briggs.
The Reird raise rudely with the Rapps,
Quhen Rungs war laid on Riggs:
The Wyfis came forth with Crys and Clapps,
Lo, quhair my Lyking liggs,
Quoth thay, at, &c. that Day.

XIV.

That girnit and lute gird with Grains,
Ilk Goffip uder greivt:
Sum strak with Stings, sum gaddert Stains,
Sum fled and ill mischevt.

The

10 *Cbryfs-Kirk of the Grene.*

The Menstral wan within twa Wains,
 That Day full weil he preivt:
 For he came hame with unbirs'd Bains,
 Qhair Fechtairs war mischeivt,
 For evir, at, &c. that Day.

XV.

HEICH *Hutcheon* with a Hissil Ryfs,
 To red can throw them rummill;
 He muddillt them down lyk ony Myfs,
 He was nae Bairy bummill.
 Thocht he was wicht, he was nocht wyfs,
 With sic Jangleurs to jummill;
 For frae his Thoume they dang a Sklyfs,
 Quhyle he cry'd, *Barlasummill*,
 I am slain, at, &c. this Day.

XVI.

QUHEN that he saw his blude sae reid,
 To sic might nae Man let him,
 He weind it had been for auld feid,
 He thocht ane cry'd, Haif at him.

Chrysts-Kirk of the Grene.

11

He gart his Feit defend his Heid,
The far fairer it set him ;
Quhyl he was past out of all pleid,
They sould bene swift that gat him
Throw Speid, at, &c. that Day.

XVII.

THE Town-Soutar in Grief was bowdin,
His Wyfe hang at his Waitt;
His Body was in Blude all browdin,
He graint lyk ony Ghaist.
Her glitterand Hair that was sae gowden,
Sae hard in Lufe him laist,
That for her Saik he was not zowden,
Seven Myle that he was chaist,
And mair, &c. that Day.

XVIII.

THE Millar was of manly Mak,
To meit him was nae Mows,
There durst not Ten cum him to tak,
Sae noytit he thair Pows,

The

12 *Chrysis-Kirk of the Grene,*

The Buschment hale about him brak,
 And bikkert him with Bows,
 Sync traytorly behind his Bak,
 They hewt him on the Hows,
 Behind, at, &c. that Day.

XIX.

Twa that war Hardmen of the Herd,
 On udder ran lyk Rams,
 Then followit Feymen, richt unafford,
 Bet on with Barrow trams,
 But quhair thair Gobs thay were ungeird,
 They gat upon the Gams;
 Quhyl bludy berkit war thair Baird,
 As they had worriet Lamms,
 Maist lyk, at, &c. that Day.

XX. THE

Hewt him on the Hows, Hew'd or cut him down, by strik-
ing him behind on the Houghs or Hams.
Cum, Sum, &c. Come, Some. The u in Place of o.
Lamms, Thowme, Dum, &c. Lambs, Thumb, Dumb,
The b feldom made Use of in such Words.

XX.

THE Wyves keist up a hideous Zell,
 Onhen all thir Zounkers zekkit,
 Als ferls as ony Fyre-flaughts fell;
 Freiks to the Feilds thay bokit.
 The Carlis with Clubs did uder quell,
 Quhyl Bluds at Becifts out bokit;
 Sac rudely rang the common Bell,
 That all the Steipill rokkit
 For reid, at *Chrysis-Kirk* on the Grene that Day.

XXI.

QUEEN thay had beirt lyk baitit Bulls,
 And brautwed brynt in Bails,
 They wer as meik as ony Muls,
 that mangit ar with Maiks.

For

Muls, Mules. In several Words likes this, where an *i* goes between an *l* and another Consonant, we are to pronounce short, as *Mules*, not *Mulis*.

Mangit ar with Maiks, Maim'd with Burdens.

Flawebair Fails, Tuff that Country People hea for covering Houses.

Heild the Duls, is a Phrase us'd at Foot-ball, or such Games, where the Patty that gains the *Dule* or Goal is said to *heild* it, or win the Game.

14 *Chryst-Kirk of the Grene.*

For Faintness thae forfochtin Fulis,
 Fell down lyk flauchtir Fails:
 Fresh Men came in and hail'd the Dulis,
 And dang them down in Dails,
 Bedene, at, &c. that Day.

XXII.

QUHEN all was done, *Dik* with an *Aix*,
 Came furth to fell a Fudder,
 Quod he, quhair are zon hangit Smaiks,
 Richt now wald slain my Brudder.
 His Wyfe bad him gae hame, *Gib Glaiks*,
 And sae did *Meg* his Mudder.
 He turn'd and gaif them baith their Paiks;
 For he durst ding nane udder,
 For Feir, at *Chryst-Kirk* of the Grene that Day.

Finis quod King *JAMES I.*

The

Fudder, properly a Load, relating to Lead. It is 1600 Pound Weight: In our old Authors it often metaphorically means a great many.





*The THISTLE and the ROSE,
O'er Flowers and Herbage green,
By Lady Nature chose,
Brave King and lovely Queen.*

A P O E M in Honour of MARGARET,
Daughter to HENRY the VII. of
England, Queen to JAMES the IV.
King of SCOTS.

I.

QUHEN Merch with variand Winds was overpast,
And sweit Apryle had with his Silver Showers
Tane Leif of Nature, with an orient Blast,
And lusty May, that Mudder is of Flowrs,
Had maid the Birds begin be tymous Hours;
Among the tendir Odours reid and quhyt,
Quhois Harmony to heir was grit Delyt.

In

Lusty May, Desireable May. Lusty through these Poems
is an Epithet frequently us'd in this Sense; also in our
Language it expresses, Youthful, Blooming, Large, Jolly.

16 *The Thistle and the Rose.*

II.

IN Bed at Morrow, sleeping as I lay,
 Methocht *Aurora* with her Rubie Ene,
 In at my Window lookit by the Day,
 And halft me, with Visage pale and grene,
 Upon her Hand a Lark sang frae the Splene,
 Luvers, awake out of your Slumbering,
 Se how the lusty Morning dois upspring.

III.

METHOCHT fresh *May* before my Bed upstood,
 In Weid depainted of ilk diverse Hew,
 Sober, benyng, and full of Mensuctude,
 In Bright Atyre of Flours, all forget new,
 Of heavenly Colour quhyt, reid, brown and blew,
 Balmit in Dew, and gilt with Phobus Beins,
 Quhyte all the House ikumynt with her Leims.

IV.

SLUGART, scho said, awake annon, for Schame,
 And in my Honour sumthing thou gae wryte;
 The Lark has done, the merry Day proclaim,
 Luvers to rais with Comfort and delyte,
 Will nocht increase thy Courage to indyt;
 Quhase

*Lookit by the Day, Looked in at my Window by Day or
 the Dawning. Halft, Hail'd or Saluted.
 Mensuctude, Mischance, or good Humour.*

The T'bistle and the Rose. 17

Quhase Heart somtyme has glad and blisfull bene,
Sangs oft to mak under the Brenches grene.

V.

QUHER TO, queth I, fall I upryse at Morrow,
For in thy Month few Birds haif I hard sing,
Thay haif ~~mair~~ Cause to weip and plein their Sorrow:
Thy Air it is not holsum nor benyng,
Lord *Eolus* dois in thy Season ring,
Sae bousteous ar the blasts of his shill horn,
Amang thy Bews to walk I haif forborn.

VI.

WITH that the Lady soberly did smyle,
And said, Upryse and do thy Observance:
Thou did promist in *Mayis* lusty quhyle,
Then to discryve the *ROSE* of most Plesance.
Go see the Birdis how they sing and dance,
And how the Skyes iluminat ar bricht,
Enamylt richly with new azure Licht.

B

VIII. QUHEN

Do thy Observance, Perform thy Duty or Respects. Here 'tis proper we take notice of the Cadency of such Words; many in that Age being pronounced long that now are expressed short: But our Union with France, and French Auxiliaries so often in Scotland at that Time, can easily account for that Manner of Pronunciation.

VII.

QUHEN this was said, away then went the Quene;
 And entert in a lusty Garden gent;
 And then methocht, full haftylic besene,
 In Sark and Mantle after her I went
 Into this Garth most dulce and redolent,
 Of Herb and Flowir, and tender Plants most sweit,
 And grene Leivs doing of Dew down fleit.

VIII.

THE pourpour Sun, with tender Rayis reid,
 In orient bricht as Angel did appeir,
 Throu golden Skys advancing up his Heid,
 Whose gildet Treffes schone sae wonder cleir,
 That all the Warld tuke Comfort far and neir,
 To luke upon his fresh and blisful Face,
 Doing all fable frae the Heavis chace.

IX.

AND as the blisful Sun drave up the Sky,
 All Nature sang throu Comfort of the Licht;
 The Minstrells wingd with open Voyces cry,
 O Luvers now is fled the dully Nicht,
 Come welcome Day that comforts every Wicht.

Hail

The Thistle and the Rose.

19

Hail *May*, hail *Flora*, hail *Aurora* shene,
Hail Princess Nature, hail Luves hartsome Quene.

X.

DAME Nature gave an Inhibition ther
To *Neptune* ferfs and *Eolus* the bauld,
Not to perturb the Water nor the Air,
That nowther blaschy Shower, nor Blasts mair cauld
Suld Flowirs effray nor Fowles upon the Fauld.
Scho bad eik *Juno* Goddes of the Sky,
That scho the Heaven suld keep amene and dry.

XI.

Als scho ordaind that every Bird and Beist
Before her Hienels suld annone compeir,
And every Flowir of Virtue maist and leist,
And every Herb in fair Feild far and neir,
As they had wont in *May* frae Yeir to Yeir:
To hir thair Quene to mak Obediens,
Full law inclynand with dew Reverens.

B 2

WITH

Obediens and *Reverens*, as observed before in the Words *Ob:*
ervance and *Plesance*, must be accented long.

XII.

WITH that annone scho sent the swift fute *Roe*.
 To bring in alkind Beist frae Dale and Doun,
 The restless *Swallow* ordert scho to go,
 And fetch' all Fowl of small and grit *Renows*,
 And to gar Flowirs appeir of all Fassoun:
 Fully craftely conjurit she the *Yarrow*.
 Quhilk did forth swirk as swift as ony Arrow.

XIII.

ALL brocht in were, in twynkling of an Ee,
 Baith *Beist* and *Bird* and *Flowir* before the *Queen*,
 And first the *Lyon* greatest of Degre
 Was summond ther, and he, fair to be sene,
 With a full hardy Countenance and kene,
 Before *Dam Nature* came, and did inclyne,
 With Visage bauld, and Courage Leonyne.

XIV. THIS

Courage Leonyne. This perhaps may be smil'd at, but there's so much Reason to laugh at the modern Phrase of *one's* looking like himself.

XIV.

THIS awful Beist was terrible of Cheir,
Persing of Luke, and stout of Countenance,
Right strong of Corps, of Fasson fair, bot feir,
Lusty of Shape, licht of Deliverance,
Reid of his Colour, as the Ruby Glance;
In Feild of Gold he stude full rampantly,
With Flowr-de-Lyces circlet pleasantly.

XV.

THIS Lady listit up his Cluves sae cleir,
And lure him listlie lein upon hir Knee,
And crownit him with Diadem full deir,
Of radyous Stanes maist ryall there to see,
Saying, The King of all Beists mak I thee,
And the Protector cheif in Wodes and Schaws,
Go furth, and to thy Leiges keip the Laws.

If one were to comment and illustrate every poetical Beauty that strikes our Imaginations so agreeably, and come so frequent, he would swell the Notes too much, and rob the Reader of a Pleasure which is his own Property; wherefore such Annotations shall be declined. When Folks are ravished with any Pleasure, tho' it be obvious to every By-stander, yet they cannot help expressing what delights them many Times over, when there is not the least Occasion for Information. This was just my Case, on reading this excellent Description of the Lyon and the Scots Arms, never so happily blazoned.

22 *The Thistle and the Rose.*

XVI.

JUSTICE exerce, with Mercy and Consciens,
 And let nae small Beist suffir Skaith nor Skorns,
 Of greiter Beists that bein of more Pusiance.
 Do Law alyke to Apes and Unicorns,
 And lat na Bowgle with his bousteous Horns
 Oppress the meik Pluch-Ox, for all his Pryd,
 But in the Yok go quietly him besyd.

XVII.

WHEN this was said, with Noyse and Sound of Joy,
 All Kynd of Quadrupeds in thair Degree,
 Attains cryd, *Laud*, and then, *Vive le Roy*;
 Syne at his Feit fell with Humility;
 To him they all made Homage and Feiltrie;
 And he did them resais with princely Laits,
 Whose noble Yre his Greitnes mitigates.

XVIII.

SYNE crownit scho the *Eagle* King of Fowls;
 And sharp as Darts of Steil scho made his Penns,
 And bad him be as just to *Whawps* and *Owls*,
 As unto *Peakoks*, *Papingos*, or *Crans*,
 And mak ane Law for *wicht Fowls* and for *Wrens*,
 And

The Thistle and the Rose. 23

And let nae Fowl of Rapine do affray,
Nor Birds devore but his own proper Prey.

XIX.

THEN callt scho all the Flowirs grew in the Feilds
Discryving all thair Fassons and Effairs,
Upon the awfull THISTLE she beheld,
And saw him guarded with a Bush of Speirs,
Considdering him sae able for the Weirs,
A radiant Crown of Rubies scho him gaif,
And said, In Feild go forth, and fend the laif.

XX.

AND sen thou art a King, be thou descreit,
Herb without Value hald not of sic Pryce,
As Herb of Vertew and of Odour sweet,
And let no Nettle vyle and full of Vyce
Hir fallow with the gudly *Flour-de-tyce*,
Nor let no wyld Weid, full of Churlishness,
Compare hir to the Lillys Nobilness.

XXI.

NOR hald nane other Flowir in sic denty
As the fresh ROSE, of Colour reid and quhyt;
For if thou dois, hurt is thyne Honesty,

24 *The Thistle and the Rose.*

Considdering that no Flowir is sae perfyte,
 Sae full of Plesans, Vertue and Delyte,
 Sae full of blisfull Angellyke Bewtie,
 Imperial Birth, Honour and Dignitie.

XXII.

THEN to the ROSE scho did her Visage turn,
 And said, O lusty Dochter most benyng,
 Above the Lilly thou art ilusterous born,
 Frae Ryal Linage ryfing fresh and yung,
 But ony Spot or Macull doing sprung:
 Cum Blume of Joy with richest Jems be crown'd,
 For owre the laif thy Bewtie is renound.

XXIII.

A costlly Crown with Stanes clarified bricht,
 This comely Quene did on hir Heid inclose,
 Quhyle all the Land illumynat of Licht;
 Quhairfor methocht, the Flowirs did all reiose,
 Crying attaines, Hail to the fragrant ROSE,
 Hail Emprefs of the Herbs, fresch Quene of Flowirs,
 To the be Glorie and Honour at all Hours.

XXIV. THEN

*Qubois, Dois, Hir, &c. Whose, Does, Her. The e in
 many such Words is supplied with i.
 But ony Spot, Without Spot.*

XXIV.

THEⁿ all the Birds thay sang with Voice on licht,
Whose mirthfull Sound was marvellous to heir;
The Mavys sang, Hail ROSE most rich and richt,
That does upflurish under *Phœbus* Sphere,
Hail Plant of Youth, Hail Princes Dochter deir,
Hail, Blofome breking out of Blude Ryal,
Quhois precious Vertew is Imperial.

XXV.

THE Merte scho sang, Hail ROSE of most Delit,
Hail of all Flowres the sweit and soverain Quene:
The Lark scho sang, Hail ROSE baith reid and quhyt,
Most plesand Flowir of mighty Colours twain;
Nicheingails sang, Hail Natures Suffragane,
In Bewty, Nurture, and each Nobilnefs,
In rich Array, Renown and Gentilnefs.

XXVI.

THE common Voice upraise of Birdis small,
Upon this Ways, O blissit be the Hour
That thou was chose to be our Principal,
Welcome

That the House of York and Lancaster (the *White* and *Red Rose*) were united in the Person of our Queen, is well known.

26 *The Thistle and the Rose.*

Welcome to be our Princes crownd with Powir,
Our Perle, our Plesance, and our Paramour,
Our Peace, our Play, our plain Felicity :
CHRIST the conserve from all Adversity.

XXVII.

THEN all the Confort sang with sic a Shout,
That I anone awakent quhair I lay,
And with a Braid I turnit me about
To se this Court, but all wer gone away ;
Then up I leint me, halfings in affray,
Callt to my Muse, and for my Subjeck chose
To sing the Ryal THISTLE and the ROSE.

Quod Mr. Wm. DUNBAR.





A

PANYGYRICK

ON

Sr PENNY.

I.

RICHt fain wald I my Qwaintance mak
Sr. Penny with, and wate ye quhy?

He is a Man will undertak

A Lairdship of braid Lands to buy;

Thairfoir methink richt fain wald I

With him in Fellowship repair,

Because he is in Company

A noble Gyde baith late and air.

II. *Sr.*

28 *A Panygyrick on Sr Penny.*

II.

Sr Penny for till hald in Hand,
His Company they think sae fwcit;
Sum does not care to fell thair Land,
With gude Sr Penny for to meit,
Because he is of a noble Spreit,
A furthy Man and a forfeiand;
There is no Mater ends compleit,
Till he fet to his Scil and Hand.

• III.

Sr Penny is a valiant Man,
Of mekle Strenth and Dignitie,
And evir sen this Warld began,
In this Land autoreist is he:
The King or Quene ze may not see,
They still so tenderlie him trete,
That ther can nathing endit be,
Without his Company ze get.

IV.

Sr Penny is a Man of Law,
And (witt ye weil) baith wyfe and war;
He mony Reasons can furth schaw,
Quhen he is standing at the Bar,

Is

A Panygyrick on Sr Penny. 29

Is nane *sae* sharp that can him scar,
Quhen he propens furth ony Pley;
Nor zit *sae* hardy Man as dar
Sr Penny tyne or disobey.

V.

Sr Penny is baith leird and wyse,
The Kirk to steir he takis in Hand,
Disponer of ilk Benefice
In this Realm, throu all the Land;
Is nane *sae* wicht dar him gainstand,
Sae wysely can Sr Penny wirk;
And als Sr Symonis his Servand,
That now is Gydar of the Kirk.

VI.

Gif to the Court thou mak repair,
And ther haif Matters to proclame,
Thou art unable weil to fair,
Sr Penny gif thou leif at hame,
To bring him furth think thou nae Schame;
I do thee weil to understand,
Into thy Bag beir thou his Name,
Thy Matter cums better to hand.

VII. Sr

30 *A Panygyrick on Sr Penny:*

VII.

Sr Penny now is maid an Owl,
They wirk him mekle Tray and Tene,
They hald him in till he hair-moull,
And maks him blind of baith his Ene;
Thirout he is but findle sene,
Sae fast tharin they can him steik,
That Commons pure cannot obtain
Ane Day to byd with him and speik.

Tray and Tene, Anger.
Hair-moull, Growth hoary with Mouldiness.



Vertue

Vertue *and* Vyce.

A
P O E M,

Address'd to
JAMES V. *King of Scots,*
By the famous and renown'd Clerk,
Mr. JOHN BELLENTYNE,
Arch-Dean of Murray.

I.

Q UEN Silver *Diane* full of Beims bricht,
Frae dark Eclips was past this uther Nicht,
And to the Crab hir proper Mansion gane;
Artophilax contending with his Micht
In the grit Eift to set his Visage richt;
I mene the Leider of the *Charle-wane* :
Aboif our Heid then was the *Urfs* twain,
Quhen Starris small obscure grew to our Sicht,
And *Lucifer* left twinkling him alane.

II. THE

II.

THE frosty Nicht with her prolixit Hours,
 Her Mantle quhyt spred on the tender Flours;
 When ardent Labour has addressit me,
 Translate the Tale of our Progenitours,
 Thair greit Manheid, Wisdom and hie Honours,
 Quhair we may cleir, as in a Mirrour, see
 The furious End somtymes of Tyranie;
 Somtymes the Gloir of prudent Governours,
 Ilk State apprysit in thair Facultie.

III.

MY weary Spreit desiring to repress
 My emptive Pen of fruteless Bissiness,
 Awalkit forth to tak the recent Air,
 When *Priapus* with stormy Weid oppres,
 Requeistit me, in his maist Tendernefs,
 To rest a while amids his Gardens bare.
 But I no maner coud my Mynd prepare
 To set asyde unplefant Havynefs
 On this and that contemplating Solitare.

IV. AND

Priapus, who presides over Gardens.

IV:

AND first occurrt to my remembering,
How that I was in Service with the King,
Put to his Grace in Zeirs tenderest,
Clerk of his Compts, althocht I was inding,
With Heart and Hand, and evry uther thing,
That micht him pleise in ony manner best,
While Envy grit me from his Service kest,
By them that had the Court in governing,
As Bird bot Plumes is herryt of her Nest.

V:

OUR Lyfe, our Gyding, and our Aventuris,
Dependance have on thir celest Creaturis,
Apperandly by some Necessitie;
For thocht a Man wald set his bissy curis,
Sae far as Labour and his Wisdom furis,
To flie hard Chance of Infortunitie,
Tho he eschew it with Difficultie,
The cursid Weird yet ithandly enduris,
Gien to him first in his Nativitie.

C

VI. Oe

VI.

Of eardlie State bewailing thus the Chance
Of Fortune gude I had nae Esperance,

Sae lang I had swomt in hir Seis sae deip,
That sad Avyfyng with her thochtfull Lance
Coud find nae Port to anker her Firmance,
Till *Morpheus* the dreiry God of Sleip,
For very Rewth did on my Cures weip,
And set his Slewth and deidly Countenance,
With snorand Vains to throw my Body creip.

VII.

METHOCHT I was into a plesand Meid,
Quhair *Flora* made the tender Bluims to spreid
Throw kindly Dew, and Humours nutritive,
Quhen golden *Titan* with his Flamis sae reid,
Aboif the Seis upraist his glorious Heid,
Defounding down his Heit restorative
To evry Fruit that Nature maid to live,
Whilk was afore into the Winter deid,
With Stormis cauld, and Har-frost penetrive.

VIII.

A Silver Fountain sprang with Watir cleir
Into that Place, quhair I approchit neir;
Quhair I did sone espy a fellon Reird
Of courtly Gallants in their gayest Weir;
Rejoycing them in Season of the Zeir,
As it had bene of *Moyis* sweir Day the Feird,
Their gudelic Havings made me nocht affeird;
With them I saw a crownit King appeir,
With tender Downs artising on his Beird.

IX.

THIR courtly Gallants settand their Intents
To sing and play on divers Instruments;
According to this PRINCIS Appetyte,
Twa Ladyis fair came pranland owre the Bents,
Thair costly Cleathing shawd their mighty Rents;
Quhat Heart micht wish, they wanted not a Myte,
The Rubies shone upon thair Fingers quhyt:
And finaly I knew by thair Consents
This VERTUE was, that uther hecht *Delyte*.

X.

THEIR Goddeffes arrayt in this fine Ways;
 As Reverence and Honour list devyse,
 Afore this PRINCE fell down upon thair Kneis;
 Syne drest-themfells into thair best Avyse,
 Sac far as Wisdom in thair Powir lyes,
 To do the Thing that micht him best appleise,
 Quhair he rejoyced in his heavenly Gleis,
 And him desyret that for his Emperyis,
 Ane of them twa unto his Lady cheis.

XI.

AND first *Delyte* unto the PRINCE said thus,
 Maist valiant Knycht, in Actions amorous,
 And lustyest that evir Nature wrocht,
 Quha in the Flour of Zouth mellyfluous,
 With Notes sweit, and sang mellodious,
 Awalketh heir amang the Flowirs soft,
 Thou has nae Game, but in thy mirry Thocht,
 My heavenly Blis is so delicious,
 All Wealth in Eard bot it availeth nocht.

XII. THE

XII.

THO thou had *France*, and all beyont the *Po*,
Spain, *Ingland*, *Pole*, with uther Kingdoms moe,

And reign oure them in State most glorious,
Thy puffiant Empyre is not worth a Stro,
Gif it unto thy Pleisurs is a Foe,

Or pains thy Mind with Cares are dolourus;
Ther is nathing may be sae odious
To Man, as leif in Misery and Woe,
Defrauding God of Nature *Genius*.

XIII.

DRESS thee thairfor with all thy bissy Cure,
That thou in Joy and Pleisure may endure;

Be Sicht of thir four Bodyis elementar,
Twa gros and heavy, twa are licht and pure,
Thir Elements be working of Nature,

In uther change; and tho they be richt far
Frae uther twind, with Qualitys contrair,
Of them are made all Creatures Eard eir bure,
And finaly in them resolvit ar.

XIV.

THUS Fyre in Air, the Air in Watter cleir,
 In Eard the Watter turns withouten Weir,
 The Eard in Watter it turns ower again;
 Sac furth in Order nochts consumed heir,
 And Man new born begins sone to appeir
 Ane uther Figure than afore was tane,
 Quhen he is deid, the Matter does remain,
 Tho it resolve into sum new Manner,
 Naething is new, nocht but the Form is gane.

XV.

THUS naething is in Eard but fugitive,
 Passand and command spreiding successive;
 And as a Beist, so is a Man confave
 Of Seid infused in Members genitive,
 And furth his Tyme in Pleasure does out dryve
 As Chance him leids, till he be laid in Grave;
 Thairfor thy Hevin and Pleasure now refave,
 Quhile thou art heir into this present Lyve,
 For after Death thou fall no Pleasure haif.

XVI. THUS

XVI.

THE Rose, the Lilly, and the Violet,
Unpult, sone wither, and with Winds owrefet,
Wallout falls down bot ony Fruir, I wifs,
Thairfore I say, Sen that nathing may let,
But thy bricht Hew maun be with Zeirs all fret,
(For every Thing but for a Scaſon is)
Thou may not haif a mair excellent Blifs
Than ly all Nicht into my Arms plet,
To hals and brais with mony a lusty Kiſs,

XVII.

AND haif my tender Body by thy Syde,
So proper ſet, quhilk Nature has provyde
With every Pleſour, that thou mayſt divyne,
Ay quhile my tender Zeirs be overſlyde;
Then gif thou pleis that I thy Brydel gyde,
Thou maun allways from agit Men declyne,
Synce drefs thy Hairt, thy Courage and Ingyne,
To ſuffer nane fall in thy Houſe abyde,
But gif thay will unto thy Luſt inclyne,

XVIII.

Gif thou desyres into the Seis to fleit
 Of hevinly Blifs, than me thy Lady treit;
 For it is said by Clerks of fair Renown,
 Thair is nae Pleasour in this Eard so grit,
 As quhen a Luer dois his Lady meit,
 To raise his Lyf frae mony a deidlie Soun,
 As hiest Pleasour but Comparisoun.
 I fall the geif in thy Zeirs zoung and sweit,
 A lusty Halk with mony Plumes full broun.

XIX.

QUHILE fall be found sae joyous and Plesant,
 Gif thou into her mirry Flichts fall hant,
 Of evry Blifs that may in Eard appeir,
 As Hairt will think thou fall nae Plenty want,
 Quhile Zeirs swift with Quheils properant,
 Consume thy Strenth, and all thy Bewtie cleir.
 And quhen *Delys* had said on this Maner,
 As Rage of Zowtheid thocht maist relivant;
 Then *Vertew* spake, as after ye fall heir.

XX.

My Lands full braid with mony a plenteous Shyre,
Sall gif thy Hieness, (gif thou list disyre)

Triumphant Glore, hie Honour, Fame divyne,
With sic Puissance, that them nae furious Yre,
Nor weirand Age, nor Flames of birnand Fyre,
Nor bitter Death may bring unto Rewyne,
But thou maun first ensuffer meikle Pyne,
Abunc thy self, that thou may haif Empyre,
Then sall thy Fame and Honour haif no Fyne.

XXI.

AMANG my Faes my Realms set ar all,
Quhilk haif with me a Weir continual,

And ever still dois on my Border ly:
And tho' thay may nae Ways me overthrawl,
Thay ly in wait, gif ony Chance may fall,
Of me sumtyme to get the Victory.
Thus is my Lyfe an ithand Chevalry,
And Labour halds me strong as ony Wall,
And nathing breks me but vyl Slugardy.

XXII. NAE

XXII.

NAE Fortune may against me ocht avail,
 Tho scho with cloudy Storms me aft affail,
 I brek the Streim of sharp Adversity,
 In Wedder lown, and maist tempestuous Hail,
 Bot any Dreid I beir an equal Sail:
 My Ships sae strong, that I may never die,
 Wit, Reason, Manheid governs me sae hie,
 Nae Influence of Starns can eir prevail
 To rigne owre me with Infortunie.

XXIII.

THE Rage of Zouth can never dantit be,
 Bot grit Distress and sharp Adversity,
 As be this Reason is experience;
 The fynest Gold or Silver that we se,
 May not be wrocht to our Utility,
 Without kein Flames and bitter Violence;
 The mair Distress, the mair Intelligence.
 Quha eir fails lang in hie Prosperity,
 At sune owrefet, gainst Storms have nae Defence.

XXIV. THE

XXIV.

THIS fragill Lyfe, as Moment induring,
Bot dout fall thee and all the Warld bring
To ficker Blifs, or then eternal Wae.
Gif thou by honest Labour dois a Thing,
Thy Labour vanies but tarrying ;
Howbeit thy honest Warks they do not fae,
Gif thou does ocht of Lust be Nicht or Day,
The shamefull Deid, without dissevering,
Continues still when Plefour is away,

XXV.

As Carvell ticht, fast tending throw the Sic,
Leives nae imprent among the Wallis hie.
As swiftest Birds with mony a bissy Plume
Persis the Air, and wates not quhair thay fle,
Sicklyks our Lyfe without Activitie ;
It giffes na Fruit, howbeit a Shadow blume,
Quha dois thair Lyfe in Ydlenes consume,
Bot Vertews Deids, thair Fame and Memorie
Sall vanise soner than the reiky Fume.

XXVI. As

XXVI.

As Watter purges and maks Bodys fair,

As Fyre ascends be Nature in the Air,

And purefies with Heit thats vehement :

As Flowir does smell, as Fruit is nurifare :

As precious Balmes reverts the Things ar fair,

And maks them of the Rot impatient.

As Spyce maist sweit, and Rose maist redolent ;

As stern of Day by Motion circular,

Chaifes the Night with Beims resplendent.

XXVII.

SICKLIKE my Warks they perfyt every Wicht,

In fervent Luve of maist excellent Licht,

And maks a Man into this Eard bot Peir,

And does the Saul frae all Diforder dight,

With Odour dulce, and maks it still mair bright

Than *Diane* full, or zet *Apollo* cleir,

Syn raises it into the hiest Sphere,

Immortally to shine in GODS awin Sicht,

His chofen Creature, and as Spous maist deir.

XXVIII. THIS

XXVIII.

THIS uther Wretch that clipit is *Delyte*,
 Involves Mankynd be sensual Appityte,
 In every Kind of Vyce and Miseric,
 Because nae Wit nor Reason is perfyte
 Quhair she is Gyde, but Skaith thats infinyt;
 With Dolour, Shame, and urgent Povertie;
 For scho sprang frae the licht Froth of the Sc.
 Quhilk signifies hir Plefour venomit,
 Is minglit ay with shairp Adversitie.

XXIX.

DUKE *Hannibal*, as mony Authors wrait,
 Throw *Spenzie* came be mony a Passage strait;
 To *Italy* in Furor bellical,
 Brak down hie Walls, and hiest Mountains slait,
 And to his Army made an open Gait,
 And Victories had on the *Romans* all.
 At *Capua* by Plefour sensual,
 The Duke was made sae fast and delicate,
 That by his Faes he was sone overthrawll.

XXX.

OF ferls *Achill* the weirly Deids sprang,
 In *Troy* and *Greice*, quhyle he in VERTUE rang,
 Hou Lust him flew it is but Rewth to heir:
 Siclyk the *Trojans* with thair Knichts strang,
 The valiant *Greeks* furth frae thair Ruins dang,
 Victoriously exercit mony a Zeir;
 That Nicht they went to thair Lust and Pleisour,
 The fatal Horls did throw thair Walls sang,
 Quhais pregnant Sydes wer full of Men of Weir.

XXXI.

SARDANAPALL, that Prince efeminat,
 Frae Deids of Knichts basely degenerat,
 Twynand the Threid of whyt or purpour Lint,
 With Fingers fast amang the Ladyis sat,
 And with his Lust couth not be satiare,
 Till frae his Faes came last the bitter Dint.
 Quhat nobil Men and Ladyis haif bene tint,
 Quhen they with Lust have bene intoxicat,
 To schaw at lenth my Tung wald nevir stint.

XXXII. But

XXXII.

BUT brave *Camil* the valiant Chevalier,
(When he the *Gauls* had dawning be his Weir)
Of Heritage wald haif nae Recompence;
For gif his Bairns, his Kin and Freinds maist deir
Were verteous, they could not fail ilk Zeir
To haif enough, be *Roman* Providence.
Gif they wer given to Vyce and Insolence,
It was not neidfull he soult conquais Geir,
To be the Cause of thair Incontinence.

XXXIII.

SUM nobil Men, as Poets list declair,
Wer Deifeit, sum made Gods of the Air,
Sum of the Heaven, as *Eolus*, *Vulcan*,
Apollo, *Saturn*, *Hermes*, *Jupiter*,
Mars, *Hercules*, and uther Men preclair,
That Fame imortall in this Warld wan:
Quhy wer thin People called Gods than?
Because they had a *VERTUE* singlar,
Excellent hie abune the Ingyns of Man.

XXXIV. AND

XXXIV.

AND uthers are in Reik sulphurious,
 As *Ixion*, and weiry *Sisyphus*,
Euimenides, the Furies odibil,
 The proud Gyants, and thrifty *Tantalus*,
 With ugly Drink, and Fude maist venomus,
 Quhair Flames bauld, and Mirkness ar sensibill:
 Quhy ar thir Folk in Pains sae terribil?
 Because they were but Shrews maist vicious
 Into thair Lyfe, with Deids maist horribil.

XXXV:

AND tho nae Fruit wer after consequent
 Of mortall Lyfe, but for this Warld present
 Ilk Man to haif allenerlie Respect;
 Yet VERTUE sould frae Vice be different,
 As quick frae deid, as rich frae indigent;
 That ane to hiest Honour does direct,
 This uther Saul and Body does neglect:
 That ane of Reason maist intelligent,
 This uther of Beists following the Effect.

XXXVI.

FOR he that nold against his vyl Lusts stryve,
But lives as Beists of Knowlege sensityve,
Grows fast to Eild, and Death him sone owrchails:
Thairfor the Mule is of a langer Lyfe
Than the staine Horse; also the barrand Wyfe
Zouthfull appeirs, when that the Brudie fails:
We also se when Nature nocht prevails,
The Pain and Dolour ar sae pungityve,
Nae Medycyne the Patient then avails.

XXXVII.

SEN our Intents baith we haif shawn thee thus;
Cheis of us twae the maist delicious,
Or to sustene a sharp Adversitie,
Danting the Rage of Zouth-heid furious,
And syn posses Triumphs innumeros,
With hie Empyre, and lang Felicitie;
Or haif ane Moment Sensualitie
Of fulish Zouth, in Lyf voluptous,
And all thy Days full of sad Miseric.

XXXVIII.

PHEBUS be this his fyrie Cart did wry,
 Frae South to West declynand biffly
 To dip his Steids into the Westlin Main;
 When ryfing Damps owrefald his Village dry
 With Vappours thick, and cluddet all the Sky,
 And *Néms* brym, the Wind meridian,
 With Wings donk, and Fedders full of Rain,
 Awakent me, that I coud not espy
 Quhilk of the twa was for his Lady cane.

XXXIX.

BUT Ione I knew they were the Goddesses
 That came in Sleip to valiant *Hercules*,
 When he was zung, and free of every Lore,
 To Lust or Honour, Purrith or Riches,
 Quhair he contemptit Lust and Idleness,
 That he in *VERTUE* micht his Lyfe decore;
 Then Warks he did of maist excellent Glore;
 The mair increfst his painfull Bissiness,
 His hie Triumphs and Loving was the more.



*A Bytand BALLAD on warle Wives,
 That gar thair Men live pinging Lives.*

I.

BE merry, Brethrenne, ane and all,
 And set all Sturt aside;
 And every ane together call
 To GOD to be our Gyd;
 For as lang lives the mirry Man,
 As dois the Wretch for ocht he can,
 When Deid him strakes, he wats na whan,
 And charges him to byde.

II.

THE Rich then fall not spared be,
 Thocht they haif Gold and Land,
 Nor zit the Fair, for their Bewtry,
 Cannot that Charge gainstand.

The Wicht or Weak wald flee away,
 Nae Doubt but all maun Ransom pay,
 Quhat Place or quhare can nae Man say,
 Be Se or zit be Land:

III.

THE mirryest Man that leives on Lyfe,
 He fails upon the Se;
 For he knows neither Sturt nor Stryfe,
 But blyth and glad is he:
 But he that has an evil Wyfe,
 Has Sour and Sorrow all his Lyfe,
 And that Man quilk leives ay in Stryfe,
 How can he mirry be?

IV.

ANE evil Wyfe is the warst aught
 That ony Man can haif;
 For he may never sit in Saught,
 Unless he be her Slaif:

But

But of that Sort I knaw nane uther,

Except a Cuckald or his Bruther;

Sunt Lairds and Cuckalds altogether,

May wiis their Wyves in Graif.

V.

BECAUSE thair Wyves haif Maistery,

That they dar pæways cheip,

But gif it be in Privity,

Quhen they are fast asleip;

Ane mirry in thair Company,

To them is worth baith Gold and Fic;

A Menstrell neir coud dairthful be,

Thair Mirth if he coud beir.

VI.

BUT of that Sort whilk I report,

I knaw nane in this Ring:

But we may all baith grit and small,

Gladly baith dance and sing,

Sunt Lairds. Here is spelled with an *S*, as it ought, and not with a *C*, as many of the *English* do.

34 *A bytand Ballat, &c.*

Quha lifts not here to make gude Cheir,
 Perchance his Guids an uthir Yeir
 Be spent, quhen he is brought to Beir,
 Quhen his Wyfe tak the Fling.

VII.

It has bene sene, that wyfe Women,
 After their Husband's Deid,
 Has gotten Men has gart them ken,
 If they could bear a Laid.
 With a grene Sting, hes gart them bring
 The Geir that won was by a Dring;
 And syne gart all the Bairnies sing,
Ramukloch in their Bed.

VIII.

Then wad scho say, Alake this Day,
 For him that wan this Geir,
 Quhen I him had, I skairfly said,
 My Heart anes mak gude Cheir.
 Or I had letten him spend a Plak,
 I lure haif witten him brake his Bak,
 Or els his Craig had gotten a Crak,
 Ower the Hicht of the Stair.

IX. Z

IX.

Za Niggarts then Example tak,
And leir to spend your awn,
And with gude Freynds ay mirry mak,
That it may well be knawn,
That thou art he quha wan this Geir;
And for thy Wyfe se thou nocht spair,
With blyth Freynds ay to make Repair,
Sac fall thy Worth be shawn.

X.

FINIS quod I, quha sets not by
The ill Wyves of this Toun,
Tho for Dispyte with me wald flyte,
Gif thay nicht put me down.
Gif they wald ken quha maid this Sang,
Quhiddir they will him heid or hang,
Flemyngs his Name quhair cir he gang,
In Country and in Toun.

Quod FLEMING.

Sets not by, Does not Value. Put down, Murder.



ROBIN *and* MAKYNE, A PASTORAL.

I.

ROBIN sat on the gude grene Hill,

Keipand a Flock of Fie,

Quhen mirry *Makyne* said him till,

O *Robin* rew on me.

I haif thee luvit baith loud and still,

Thir Towmonds twa or thre;

My Dule in dern but gif thou dill,

Doubtless bot Dreid I die.

II.

ROBIN replied, Now by the Rude,

Naithing of Luve I knaw,

But keip my Sheip undir yon Wod,

Lo quhair they raik on Raw.

Quhat

Dule in dern, Sorrow in secret. *Dill*, still, calm, or mitigate. *Raik on Raw*, go apace in a Row.

Quhat can have mart thee in thy Mude,

Thou *Makyne* to me schaw?

Or quhat is Luve, or to be lude?

Fain wald I leir that Law.

III.

THE Law of Luve gin thou wald leir,

Tak thair an A, B, C;

Be keynd, courtas, and fair of Feir,

Wyse, hardy, kind and frie,

Sae that nae Danger do the deir,

Whar Dule in dern thou drie;

Prefs ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,

Be patient, and privie.

IV.

ROBIN he answert her again,

I wat not quhat is Luve,

But I haif Marvell uncertain

Quhat maks thee thus wanruse.

The

Fair of Feir, of a fair and healthful Look,

The Wedderis fair, and I am fain; |

My Sheip gaes hail abuve,

Gif we fould play us on the Plain,

They wald us baith reprove.

V.

ROBIN tak tent unto my Tale,

And do all as I reid;

And thou fall haif my Heart all hale,

Eik and my Maidenheid :

Sen GoD he sends Bute for Bale,

And for Murning Remeid.

I dern with thee, but give I dale,

Doubtlefs I am but deid.

VI.

MAKYNE the Morn be this ilk Tyde,

Gif ye will meit me heir,

May be my Sheip may gang befyde,

Quhy! we have liggd full neir;

But

Wedderis, Weather's. It is to be noticed, that our Elders never apostrophised, yet by this one may judge that in every like Case they pronounced, as if such Vowels were cut off with an Apostrophe: Without allowing this, many of their Lines will not be Numbers.

Robin and Makyne.

39

But maugre haif I, gif I byde,
Frae thay begin to feir,
Quhat lyes on Heart I will nocht hyd,
Then *Makyns* mak gude Cheir.

VII.

ROBIN thou reivs me of my Rest;

I luvè but thee alane.

Makyns, adieu, the Sun goes West,

The Day is neir-hand gane.

Robin in Dule I am so drest,

That Luvè will be my Bane.

Makyns gae luvè quhair eir ye list;

For Lemans I luid nane.

VIII.

ROBIN I stand in sic a Style,

I fisch, and that full fair.

Makyns I have been heir this quyle,

At hame I wish I were.

Robin, my Hinny, talk and smyle,

Gif thou will do nae mair.

Makyns sum uther Man beguyle;

For hameward I will fare.

XI SYNE

IX.

SYNE *Robin* on his Ways he went,
 As light as Leif on Tree:
 But *Makyne* murnt and made Lament,
 Scho trow'd him neir to see.
Robin he brayd attowre the Bent.
 Then *Makyne* cryd on hic,
 Now may thou sing, for I am shent!
 Quhat can ail Luvē at me?

X.

MAKYNE went hame withouten fail,
 And weirylic could weip;
 Then *Robin* in a full fair Dale
 Assemblit all his Sheip,
 Be that somepart of *Makyns* Ail,
 Outhrow his Heart coud creip,
 Hir fast he followt to assail,
 And till her tuke gude keip,

XI. ABYD

*Brayd attowre the Bent, hasted over the Field. Take, &
 gude Keip, kept a close Eye upon her.*

Robin and Makyne.

61

XI.

ABYD, abyd, thou fair *Makyne*,

A Word for ony Thing;

For all my Luve it fall be thyne,

Withoutten departing,

All hale thy Heart for till have myne,

Is all my coveting;

My Sheip quhyle Morn till the Hours Nyne,

Will mister nae keiping.

XII.

ROBIN, thou has heard fung and say,

In Jests and Storys auld,

The Man that will not when he may,

Sall have nocht when he wald.

I pray to Heaven baith Nicht and Day,

Be eikd their Cares sae cauld,

That pressis first with thee to play,

Be Forrest, Firth or Fauld.

XIII.

MAKYNE, the Nicht is soft and dry,

The Wether warm and fair,

And the grene Wod richt neir hand by

• To walk attowre all where:

There

There may nae Janglers us espy,
 That is to Luve contrair,
 Therin, *Makyne*, baith you and I,
 Unseen may mak Repair.

XIV.

ROBIN, that World is now away,
 And quyt brocht till an End,
 And neir again thereto perfay,
 Sall it be as thou wend;
 For of my Pain thou made but Play,
 I Words in vain did spend;
 As thou has done sae fall I say,
 Murn on, I think to mend.

XV.

MAKYNE, the Hope of all my Heal,
 My Heart on thee is set;
 I'll evermair to thee be leil,
 Quhile I may live but lett,
 Never to fail as uthers feil,
 Quhat Grace so eir I get.
Robin, with thee I will not deal;
 Adieu, for this we met.

XVI. *MA-*

XVI.

MAKYNE went hameward blyth enough,

Outowre the Holtis Hair.

Pure *Robin* murnd and *Makyns* leugh;

Scho fang, and he ficht fair;

Scho left him in baith Wac and Wreuch,

In Dolor and in Care,

Keipand his Herd under a Heuch,

Amang the rashy Gair.

Finis quod Mr. ROB. HENRYSON.



A D-



Advice to Man to enjoy his ain.

I.

MAN, sen thy Lyfe is ay in Weir,
 And Deid is ever drawing neir,
 The Tyme unfiker and the Place,
 Thyne ain Gude spend quhile thou has Space.

II.

GIF it be thyne, thy self it uses,
 Gif it be not, thee it refuses,
 Another of thee Profit has,
 Then spend thy ain quhile thou has space.

III.

THOU may to Day have Gude to spend,
 In haist to Morn may from it wend,
 And leive an uther thy Baggs to brace,
 Then spend thy ain quhile thou has Space.

IV. QUHILE

IV.

Q^UHILE thou has Space, se thou dispone
That for thy Geir : quhen thou art gone,
Nae Wicht ane other flay or chace,
Enjoyt thy self quhile thou has Space.

V.

S^UM all his Days dryves owre in vain,
Ay gatherand Geir with Greif and Pain,
Is nevir glade at *Zude* nor *Pais*;
Thyne ain Gude spend quhile thou has Space.

VI.

S^YNE cumms ane blythsome of his Sorrow,
That for him prayd nor Even nor Morrow,
And fangs it all with Merrynefs;
Then spend thy ain quhile thou has Space.

VII.

S^UM gathers Gude, and ay it spares,
And after him cum braw young Airs,
That his auld Thrift sets on an Ace,
And sendst a Sheiring in short Space.

E

VIII. I 76

66 *Advice to Man to enjoy his ain.*

VIII.

It's just all thynie that here thou spends;
And not all that on thee depends,
But his to spend it that has Grace;
Then spend thyn ain quhyle thou has Space:

IX.

Trust not annother will do ye to,
It that thy self wald nevir do;
For gif thou doir, strange is thy Cace;
Thine ain Gude spend quhyle thou has Space:

X.

Look how the Bairn dois to the Mother,
And tak Example be nane uther,
That it not after be thy Case;
Sae spend thy ain quhyle thou has Space.

Quod DUMBAR.





*On a bonny Vessel called The FLEMING
BARK, belonging to Edinburgh.*

I.

I Have a little FLEMING Berge
Of cleanly Wark, and scho is wicht;
Quhat Pylot tak my Schip in Charge,
Maun hald her cleanly, trim and ticht :
Hir Hatches maun be handlit richt,
With Steir Burd, Baburd, Luf and Lie ;
Scho will fail all the Winter Nicht,
And nevir tak a Tellzevie.

II.

With ane even Keil afore the Wind,
Scho is richt fairdy with a Sail ;
But at a Lufe scho lyis behind,
Gar heis her quhile her Howbands skail ;

Draw weil the Takle to her Tail,
 Scho will not mis to lay zour Mast;
 To pump as aft as ze may sail,
 Ze will neir hald her Watter-fast.

III.

To colf hir aft, can do no ill,
 And talloun quhair the Flude-mark flows;
 But gif scho lekks, get Men of Skill
 To stap the Holes laigh in the Hows :
 For faut of Hemp, tak hairy Tows,
 And Stane-balaft withouten other,
 In moonless Nichts it is nae Mows,
 Except a stout Man steir the Ruther.

IV.

A Veffell fair abune the Watter,
 And is but laitly reikit too,
 Quhairto till deave ze with hir Blatter
 Are nane sic in the Flor as scho :
 Plum weil the Grund, quhat eir ze do,
 Hail on the Fore-sheit and the Blind;
 Scho will tak in at Cap and Ke,
 Withour scho balaft be behind.

V.

Nae Pedders Pak scho will refuse,
Altho hir Travel scho shoud tyne,
Nae Cuckold Carle or Carlings Pet,
That dois thair Corn and Catle trayn;
And quhere scho finds a Fallow fyne,
He will be fraught free for a Sowse,
Scho carrys nocht but Men and Wyne,
And Bulion to the Cunzie-House.

VI.

For Merchand Men I may haif Money,
But nane sic as I wald defyre,
And I am laith to mell with ony,
To leif my Matter in the Myre;
That Man that wirks best for his Hyre
Its he sall be my Marriner,
But Nicht and Day he maunna tyre
That fails my bonny Ballenger,

VII.

QUHEN Anker-hald nane can be fund,
I pray you cast the Leid-lyne out;
And gif ye cannot get the Ground,
Steir be the Compass, keep her Rout;

Syne travers still, and lay about,
 And gar her top twiche Wind and Waw,
 When Anker dryves, there is nae Doubt
 Thir tripand Tydes may tyne us a.

VIII.

Now is my pretty Pinnage ready,
 Abydand on sum Merchand Block,
 But be scho empty, be our Lady,
 Scho will be kittle of her Døk;
 Scho will refuse nae Landwart Jok,
 Tho he shoud fraught her for a Crown:
 Thus fair ze weil, says gude *John Cok*,
 A nobil Sailor in this Toun.

Quod SIMPLE.



The



The Defens of Griffell Sandylands

For using of hir self contrair the Ten Commands,

Being in Ward for playing of the Loun

With every one list gife hir half a Crown.

I.

PERNITIOUS People, partial in Despyte,

Sufannas Juges, Sawers of Sedition,

Zour cankert Council is the Cause and Wyte,

Bowstert with Pryde, and blinded with Ambition,

Finding nae Cryme, nor haifing a Comission

To hurt Dame *Venus* Virgins as ze do;

Gif ze sae rashly rin upon Suspition,

Ze may put others on the Pannell too.

II.

To *Sandylands* ze war ower-fair to schame hir,

Sen ze with Council quietly might command hir;

Grit Fulis ze war with Fallows to defame hir,

Haifing nae Cause, but common Fame and Sklander,

72 *The Defens of Grissell Sandylands.*

Quhen finding no Man in the House neir hand hir,
Except a * Clerk of godly Conversation,

Quhat gif besyde *John Duries* self ye fand hir,
Dar ze suspect the haly Congregation.

III.

Zouk fleschly Consciens gars zou tak this Feir,

Believe ze Virgins will be won sae fune,

Na, God forbid, but Men may bourd as neir,

And Women he nae war, quhen that is done,

Had scho bene ****

That war a perelous Play, ane micht suspect them,

But Lads and Lasses will meir after None,

When *Dick* and *Durie* baith dow not correct them.

IV.

SEN Drunkards, Gluttons and contentious Men,

Scheders of Blude, and Subjects given to Greid,

May not posses, or Heavens high Hall get ben,

As in the Byble daylie we may reid:

Let

* The Minister, *Beaton*.

Had scho bene * * * * In such Places as are so sullied or
torn in our old Copies, that they cannot be read, we chuse
rather to leave a Blank than fill them up, tho' they might
be supplied with small Difficulty.

The Defens of Grissell Sandylands. 73

Let thir be weyd alyke, till every Leid,
Syne Fornication placit amang the laif,
Exempt zour selves throu all the Toun in Deid,
Then luke how mony zou unmarkid haif.

V.

Gif ye belife not *Betoun* be his Word,
In hir Defens, it cannot be refusit;
Let him that follows fecht it with the Sword,
Anc auntient Law quhen Ladyis are accusit.
Are Ministers sic Men to be abusit,
That knaw the Scripture and the Ten Commands?
Tho he and scho wer in a House inclusit,
That says not, he fell foul on *Sandylands*.

VI.

As for the rest, I knaw not thair Vocation,
Thair Lyfe and Manners; but I heir Folk name them
Catholick Virgins of the Congregation,
Syne were to tyne them, if ze wald obtēin them:
Quhat can ze say, exep that ze haid sein them
With *rem in re* all nakit, bot Adherance;
Then tak a Bow-string, draw it down betwein them,
And gif it sticks, that has an ill Appeirance.

VII. Z.

74 *The Defens of Grissell Sandylands,*

VII.

Z^e cative Clerks, that Colege ze frequentie
Quhen ze were Wanflers of the wanton Band,
Now ze are laimt frae Labour, I lamment it,
Zour Pistols tuimt, and Backsprent like a Wand,
Snap Wark, Adieu frae * * *
And warfe than that, ze want zour pryming Powder;
Then Consciens cums with crukit Staff in Hand,
Greitand for bygane bowing Back and Shouder.

VIII.

REMEMBER first zour former Quality,
And wrak nae Virgins with zour wilfull Weir;
But gif ze do, then our Regality
Has Power plainly then to replege them heir,
Micht they win to the Girth, I tak nae Feir,
Doun by the *Canno-Croce* I pray zou send them,
Where * *Bannatyn* has promist to compeir,
With lawfull Reason ready to defend them.

IX. ANE

* Mr. Patrick.

IX.

ANE Cause there is, thay cannot be convick,
Ze had nae Power after the Sun was set.
The Provost gave nae Charge to *Gilbert Dick*;
The special Thing that sould not bein forzer,
They were not Theives, nor yet condemt in Dett,
Nor Red-hand tane, then was nae Cause ze knaw,
* But ze let Rukes and Gleds rin throu the Nett,
And saikleß Daws make subject to the Law.

X.

Zour partial Juge we may declyne him to,
But set me doun the Parson *Pennycuik*,
Or *Sanders Guthrie* see quhat he can do :
He kens the Law, and keips zour ain Court-Buke;
For Men of Law, I wait not quhere to luke :
James Bananyne was anes a Man of Skill;
And gif he comes not there, I wish we tuke,
To keip our Dyet, Mes *David Makgill*.

XI. QUHAT

* ---- Little Villains must submit to Fate,
That great Ones may enjoy the World in State.

76 *The Defens of Griffell Sandylands.*

XI.

QUHAT Kimmer casts the foremost Stane, lets se;
 At thae poor Queans, ze wrangfully suspeck
 For sklenting Bouts; now better war let be,
 Than to begin and get zour selves a Geck,
 The greatest Falt I find in this Effect;
 They baith tuke Pay, and put themselves in Schame;
 But quhen the Court cumst to the Town, quhat Reck,
 We sall restore them to their Stock again.

XII.

IN zour Tolbuith sic Prisoners to plant,
 Will be receivd richt weil, ye may consider,
 Gude Captane *Adam* will not let them want
 Bedding, howbeid they sould lig all togidder.
 As for his Wife, I wald ye sould forbid her,
 Hir Eyndling Toits, I true ther be nae Danger,
 Because his Back is lاربour groun and lidder,
 Bot Understanding now to treit a Stranger.

XIII.

THE greatest Greif I find, ze haif defamed
 Thir Luvers leil, and done their Friends but Lack,
 Because thair Bands were just to be proclaimd,
 Partys had met, and made a fair Contrack:

But

The Defens of Grissell Sandylands. 77

But now alas the Men are loppen back;
For oppen Sklander callt a speikand Deil,
In grit Affairs ze had not bein fac shack,
About the rulcing of the Common-weil.

XIV.

To punish Part is Partiality,
To punish all is hard to do indeid;
But send them heir to our Regality,
And we sall see gif we can serve their Neid;
This rural Ryme whaeveer likes to reid,
To *Dick* and *Dury* 'tis directed plain,
Quhere I offend them in my Landwart Leid,
I sall be ready to reform again.

Quod SIMPLE.



THE



The Battle of *Harlaw*,

*Foughten upon Friday, July 24. 1411,
against Donald of the Isles.*

I.

FRAE *Dunidair* as I cam through;
Doun by the Hill of *Banochie*;
Allangst the Lands of *Garioch*;
Grit Pitie was to heir and se
The Noys and dulesum Hermonie;
That evir that dreiry Day did daw,
Cryand the *Corynoch* on hic,
Alas ! alas ! for the *Harlaw*:

II.

I marvlit quhat the Matter meint;
All Folks war in a fiery fairy:
I wist nocht quha was Fæ or Freind;
Zit quietly I did me carrie.

But

Battle of Harlaw.

79

But sen the Days of auld King *Hairy*,
Sic Slauchter was not hard nor sene,
And thair I had nac Tyme to tairry,
For Biffiness in *Aberdene*.

III.

THUS as I walkit on the Way,
To *Inverury* as I went,
I met a Man and bad him stay,
Requeisting him to mak me quaint,
Of the Beginning and the Event,
That happenit thair at the *Harlaw*;
Then he entreited me tak tent,
And he the Truth sould to me schaw.

IV.

GRIT *Donald* of the *Yles* did claim,
Unto the Lands of *Ross* sum Richt,
And to the *Gouvernour* he came,
Them for to haif gif that he might :

But

Gouverner, Robert Duke of Albany, Uncle to King James I. The Account of this famous Battle may be seen in our Scots Historians

Quha saw his Interest was but slicht;
 And thairfore answerit with Disdain;
 He hastit hame baith Day and Nicht,
 And sent nae Bodward back again.

V.

BUT *Donald* richt impatient
 Of that Answer Duke *Robert* gaif,
 He vowd to GOD Omnipotent,
 All the hale Lands of *Ross* to haif,
 Or ells be graithed in his Graif.
 He wald not quat his Richt for necht,
 Nor be abusit lyk a Slaif,
 That Bargin sould be deirly bocht.

VI.

THEN haiftylic he did command,
 That all his Weir-Men should convene,
 Ilk an well harnisit frac Hand,
 To meit and heir quhat he did mein;
 He waxit wraich and vowit Tein,
 Swcirand he wald surpryse the North,
 Subdew the Brugh of *Aberdene*,
Mearns, *Angus*, and all *Fyfe*, to *Forth*.

VII. THUS

Battle of Harlaw.

81

VII.

Thus with the Weir-men of the *Nes*,

Quha war ay at his bidding boun,

With Money maid, with Fors and Wyls,

Richt far and neir baith up and doun:

Throw Mount and Muir, frae Town to Town,

Allangst the Land of *Ros* he roars,

And all obey'd at his Bandown,

Evin frae the *North* to *Suthren* Shoars.

VIII.

Then all the Countrie Men did yield;

For nae Resistans durst they mak,

Not offer Battill in the Feild,

Be fors of Arms to beir him bak;

Syne they resolvit all and spak,

That best it was for thair Behoif,

They sould him for thair Chiftain tak;

Believing weil he did them lue.

IX.

Then he a Proclamation maid

All Men to meet at *Inverness*,

Throw *Murray* Land to mak a Raid,

Frae *Arthurfrier* unto *Spey-ness*.

F

And

And further mair, he sent Express,
 To schaw his Collours and Enseazie,
 To all and findry, mair and less,
 Throchout the Boundis of *Boyn* and *Enzie*.

X.

AND then throw fair *Strathbogie* Land,
 His Purpose was for to pursew,
 And quhafoevir durst gainstand,
 That Race they should full fairly rew.
 Then he bad all his Men be trew,
 And him defend by Foris and Slicht,
 And promist them Rewardis anew,
 And mak them Men of mekle Micht.

XI.

WITHOUT Resistans as he said,
 Throw all these Parts he stoutly past,
 Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
 But *Garioch* was all agast.
 Throw all these Feilds he sped him fast,
 For sic a Sicht was never sene;
 And then, forsuith, he langd at last
 To se the Bruch of *Aberdene*.

To

XII.

To hinder this proude Enterprife,
The stout and mighty Erle of *MARR*
With all his Men in Arms did ryse,
Even frae *Curgarf* to *Craigyvar*,
And down the syde of *Don* richt far,
Angus and *Mearns* did all convene
To fecht, or *DONALD* came fac nar
The Ryall Bruch of *Aberdene*.

XIII.

AND thus the Martial Erle of *MARR*,
Marcht with his Men in richt Array,
Befoir the Enemie was aware,
His Banner bauldly did display.
For weil enewch they kend the Way,
And all their Semblance weil they saw,
'Without all Dangir, or Delay,
Came haistily to the *HARLAW*.

F 2

WITH

MARR, *Alexander* Earl of *Mar*, Son of *Alexander* the
Gouverneur's Brother.

XIV.

WITH him the braif Lord *OGILVY*,

Of *Angus* Sherriff principall,

The Constabill of gude *Dunde*,

The Vanguard led before them all.

Suppose in Number they war small,

Thay first richt, bauldlie did pursew,

And maid thair Faes befoir them fall,

Quha, then that Race did fairly rew.

XV.

AND then the worthy Lord *SALTON*,

The strong undoubted Laird of *DRUM*,

The stalwart Laird of *Lawristone*;

With ilk thair Forces all and sum.

PANMUIR with all his Men did cum,

The Provost of braif *Aberdene*,

With Trumpets and with Tuick of Drum,

Came schortly in thair Armour schene.

XVI.

THESE with the Erle of *MARR* came on,

In the Reir-ward richt orderlie,

Thair Enemies to fett upon;

In awfull Manner hardily,

Battle of Harlaw,

85

Togither vowit to live and die,
Since they had marchit mony Mylis
For to suppress the Tyrannie
Of douted *DONALD* of the Isles.

XVII.

BUT he in Number Ten to Ane,
Richt subtilie along did ryde,
With *Malcomtosch* and fell *Maclean*,
With all their Power at thair Syde,
Presumeand on thair Strenth and Pryde,
Without all Feir or ony Aw,
Richt bauldlie Battill did abyde,
Hard by the Town of fair *HARLAW*.

XVIII.

THE Armies met, the Trumpet sounds,
The dandring Drums alloud did touk,
Baith Armies byding on the Bounds,
Till ane of them the Feild sould bruik,
Nae Help was thairfor, nane wald jouk,
Ferfs was the Fecht on ilka Syde,
And on the Ground lay mony a Bouk
Of them that thair did Battill byd,

XIX.

WITH doutsum Victorie they dealt,

The bludy Battil lastit lang,

Each Man his Nibours Foris thair felt;

The weakeft aft-tymes gat the Wrang :

Thair was nae Mowis thair them amang,

Naithing was hard but heavy Knocks,

That Eccho maid a dulefull Sang,

Thairto refounding frae the Rocks.

XX.

BUT *Donalds* Men at last gaif back ;

For they war all out of Array.

The Earl of *MARRIS* Men throw them brak,

Purfewing thairply in thair Way,

Thair Enemyis to tak or flay,

Be Dynt of Foris to gar them yield,

Quha war richt blyth to win away,

And sae for Feirdnefs tint the Feild.

XXI.

THEN *Donald* fled, and that full fast,

To Mountains hich for all his Micht;

For he and his war all agast,

And ran till they war out of Sicht;

And

Battle of Harlaw,

87

And *sae* of *Ross* he lost his Richt,
Thocht mony Men with him he brocht,
Towards the *Nes* fled Day and Nicht,
And all he wan was deirlic bocht,

XXII.

THIS is, (quod he) the richt Report
Of all that I did heir and know,
Thocht my Discourse be sumthing fchert,
Tak this to be a richt suthe Saw :
Contrairie God and the Kings Law,
Thair was spilt mekle Christian Blude,
Into the Battil of *Harlaw* ;
This is the Sum, *sae* I conclude.

XXIII.

BUT zit a bony Quhyle abyde,
And I fall mak thee cleirly ken
Quhat Slauchter was on ilkay Syde,
Of *Lowland* and of *Highland* Men,
Quha for thair awin haif evir bene :
These lazic Lowns nicht weil be spaird,
Chessit lyke Deits into thair Dens,
And gat thair Waiges for Rewaird.

XXIX.

AND thair the Knicht of *Laveriston*
 Was slain into his Armour schene,
 And gude Sir *Robert Davidson*,
 Quha Provest was of *Aberdene*,
 The Knicht of *Panmure*, as was sene,
 A mortall Man in Armour bricht,
 Sir *Thomas Murray* stout and kene,
 Left to the Warld thair last gude Nicht.

XXX.

THAIR was not sen King *Keneths* Daye
 Sic strange intestine crewel Stryf
 In *Scotland* sene, as ilk Man says,
 Quhair mony liklie lost thair Lyfe;
 Quhilk maid Divorce twene Man and Wyfe,
 And mony Childrene fatherless,
 Quhilk in this Realme has bene full ryfe;
 LORD help these Lands, our Wrangs redress.

XXXI.

IN *July*, on Saint *James* his Evén,
 That Four and-twenty dismall Day,
 Twelve hundred, ten Score and eleven
 Of Zeirs sen *CHRYST*, the Suth to say :
 Men will remember as they may,
 Quhen thus the Veritie they knaw,
 And mony a ane may murn for ay,
 The brim Battil of the *Harlaw*.



*Ane BALLAT of the fenziel Frier of Tungland,
How he fell in the Myre fleand to Turkland.*

I.

AS zung *Auror* with Chrystal Hail,
In Orient schewd hir Visage pail,
A swenyng Swyth did me assail,
Of Sonis of Sathanis Scid;
Methocht a *Turk* of *Tartary*,
Come throw the Bounds of *Barbary*,
And lay forloppin in *Lombardy*
Full lang, in *Watchmans Weid*.

II. FRAB

An Account of this Friar, who was an *Italian*, may be seen in Mr *Lefly's* History. *K. James IV.* made him Abbot of *Tungland*: He pretended and attempted to make Gold out of other Mettals; but failing of that, he next gave out, That he could fly, and very boldly appointed the Day and Place, which was from *Stirling-Castle*, where the King and many Spectators saw him throw himself with his large Wings from the Rock, and break his Thigh-bone.

II.

FRAB baptasing for to eschew,
 Thair a religious Man he slew,
 And cled him in his Habcit new,
 For he couth wryte and reid,
 Quhen kend was his Dissimulance,
 And all his curfit Governance;
 For Feir he fled, and come in *France*,
 With litill *Lombard* Leid.

III.

To be a Leiche he senyt him thair,
 Quhilk mony nicht rew evirmair,
 For he left nowthir sick nor sair
 Unflane, or he hyne zed:
 Vane-Organs he full cleinly carvit,
 Quhen of his Straik sae mony starvit,
 Dreid he had got quhat he defarvit,
 He fled away gude Speid.

IV.

IN *Scotland* then the narrest Way
 He come, his Cumping till assay;
 To sum Men thair it was nae Play,
 The preiving of his Sciens,

In Pottingrie he wrocht grit Pyne,
He murdreist mony in Medecyne,
The Jew was of a grit Engyne,
And generit was of Gyans.

V.

In Leich-craft he was homecyd,
He wald haif for a Nicht to byd,
A Haiknay and the Hurtmans Hyd,
Sac mekle he was of Myance.
His Yrons was rude as ony Rawchter,
Quhair he leit Blude, it was nae Lauchter,
Full mony an Instrument for Slauchter
Was in his Gardevyance.

VI.

He couth gif Cure for Laxatyve,
To gar a wicht Horfe want his Lyfe,
Quha cir assay wald Man or Wyfe,
Thair Hipps zied hiddy-giddy.
His Practicks neir war put to Preif,
Bot sudden Deid or grit Mischief;
He had Purgation to mak a Thief
To die without a Widdy.

VIL

UNTO nae Mels eir prest this Prelar,
 For Sound of sacring Bell nor Skellar,
 As Blacksmyth brukit was his Pallar,

For batting at the Study.

Thocht he come hame a new maid Channoun,
 He had dispensit with *Masynis* Cannoun
 On him come nowdir Stole nor Fannoun,

For smuking of the Smydy.

VIII.

METHOCHT feir Fassonis he assailziet
 To mak the Quintessance, and failziet;
 And when he saw that nocht availziet,

A Fedrem on he tuke:

And schupe in *Turkie* for to flie,
 And quhen that he did mont on hie,
 All Fowl ferliet quhat he sould be,

That did upon him luke.

IX.

SUM held he had bene *Dadalus*,
 Sum the *Minatour* marvellous,
 And sum the Smyth of *Mars*, *Vulcane*,

And sum *Saturnus* Kuke.

And

The Friar of Tugland.

98

And ay the Cufchetts at him tuggit,
The Ruiks him rent, the Ravyns druggit;
The hudit Craws his Hair furth ruggit,
The Hevin he micht not bruke.

X.

THE Mytane and Saint *Martyns* Fowl
Vend he had bene the hornit Howle;
They set upon him with a Zowle,
And gaif him Dynt for Dynt.
The Golk, the Gormaw, and the Gled,
left him with Buffets till he bled;
The Spar-halk to the Spring him sped,
As ferfs as Fyre off Flint.

XI.

THE Tarfall gaif him Tug for Tug,
Stanchell hang in ilka Lug,
The Pyot furth his Pens did rug,
The Stork straik ay bot Stynt.
The Biffart biffy bot Rebuke,
cho was fae cleverous of her Cluke,
his B---s he micht nae langer bruke,
Scho held them at a Hynt.

XII. Scho

XII.

THICK was the Cloud of Kayis and Crawis;
 Of Marlzeons, Mittains, and of Mawis,
 That bikkirt at his Baird with Blawis,
 In Battill him about.

They nybillt him with dinfome Cry,
 The Rerd of them raise to the Sky,
 And evir he cryd on Fortune, Fy,

 His Lyfe was into Dowl:

XIII.

THE Jac him skrippit with a Skryke;
 And skornit him as it was lyk,
 The Egill strong at him did stryk,
 And rawcht him mony a Rout.

For Feir uncunnandly he cawkit,
 Quhyle all his Penns wer drownt and drawkit,
 He maid a hundreth Nolt all hawkit,
 Beneath him with a Spowt.

XIV.

HE schure his Feddreme that was schene,
 And slippit out of it full clene,
 And in a Myre, up to the Ene,
 Among the Glar did glyd:

The

The Frier of Tungland.

97

The Fowlis all at the Fedreme dang,
As at a Monfter, them amang,
Quhyle all the Penns of it outsprang
Intill the Air full wyde.

XV.

AND he lay at the Plunge eirmair,
Sae langs he hard a Ravin rair;
The Crows him socht with Crys of Cair
In every Schaw befyde.
Had he reveild bene to the Ruiks,
They had him riven with thair Cluiks:
Thre Days in Dubs amang the Duiks,
He did with Dirt him hyde.

XVI.

THE Air was dirkint with the Fowls,
That came with Zawmers and with Zowls,
With Skryking, Skryming and with Scouls
To tak him in the Tyde.
I walknit with the Noyfs and Schour,
Sic hydious Beir was me about,
Senfyne I curst that cankert Rott,
Quaireir I gang or ryde.

Finis quod DUNBAR.

G

Tyd.



TYDINGS frae the Session.

I.

A Murelands Man of Uplands Mak,
 At Hame thus to his Nychbour spak,
 What Tydings, Gossip, Peice or Weir?
 The tother rounit in his Eir,
 I tell you this under Confession,
 But laity lichtit aff my Meir,
 I come of *Edinburgh* frae the Session.

II.

QUHAT Tydings hard ze thair, I pray you?
 The tother answert, I sall say you,
 Keip this all secret, gentil Brothir,
 Is nae Man thair that trests ane uther:
 A common Doer of Transgression,
 Of Innocents praveins a Futher:
 Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

III. SUM

Tydings frae the Session.

99

III.

SUM with his Maik, rowns him to pleis,

That envyous wald byt aff his Neis;

His Fac him by the Oxter leids;

Sum Patters with his Mouth on Beids,

That has his Mynd all on Oppression:

Sum becks full law, and schaws bair Heids,

Wald luke full heich war not the Session.

IV.

SUM bydand Law, lays Land in Wed;

Sum superexpendit gaes to Bed,

Sum speids, cause he in Court has Meins,

Sum of Partiality compleins,

How Feid and Favour fleims Discretion :

Sum speiks full fair and falsly feins;

Sic Things I hard and saw at Session.

V.

SUM Summonds casts, and sum excepts,

Sum stand befyd and skaild Law keppts;

Sum is delayd, sum wins, sum tynes;

Sum maks him merry at the Wynes;

Sum is put out of his Possession;

Sum herrit, and on Credance dynes;

Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

100 *Tydings frae the Session.*

VI.

SUM sweirs, and gies clein up with GOD;

Sum in a Lamb-skin is a Tod,

Sum in his Tung his Kyndness turfes;

Sum cuts at Throats; and sum pyks Purfes:

Sum gaes to Gallows with Proceffion;

Sum saims the Seit, and sum them curfes;

Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

VII.

RELIGIOUS Men of divers Places,

Cum thair to wou, and see fair Faces;

Baith *Carmelites* and *Cordeliers*,

To Gemér cum, and get mae Friers,

Unmindful of thair chest Profession,

The zunger at the elder leirs;

Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

VIII.

THAIR cums zung Monks of hie Complexion,

Of Mynd devoté, Luve and Affection;

And in the Court thair het Flesh dant;

Full Father-lyk, with Pech and Pant:

They are sae humble of Intercession,

Thair Errand all kynd Women grant:

Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

IX. SUM

XI.

SUM honest Lords adorn the Bench,
Sum mynds nocht but his Wyne and Wench;
Sum has Law Learning of his awin,
Sum wants and lippens to his Man,
In ilka Cause to get a Lesson;
Sum cankert girns, be Party thrawin,
And sleims fair Justice frae the Session.

X.

THE Advocates I may nocht wyte,
Nor yet the Lads that Lybalds wryte;
For its thair Craft, and they maun fen,
This has nae Spevie in his Pen,
Nor that a Palsie in Expression;
But weil I wate an of ilk Ten,
Micht very weil ganç all the Session.

Quod DUNBAR.





A

Generall SATYRE.

I.

DEVORIT with Dreim devising in my Slumber,
How that this Realm with Nobles out of
Number,

Gydit, provydit fæ mony Years has bene;
And now sic Hunger, sic Cowarts and sic Cumber:
Within this Land was nevir hard nor sene.

II.

Sic Pryd with Prelats, fæ few to preich and pray;
Sic hunt of Harlots, with them baith Nicht and Day,
They that fould have ay their G o d afore their Ene,
Sæ nyce in Array, fæ strange to their Abay,
Within this Land was nevir hard or sene.

III. Sæ

III.

SAB mony Preists cled up in secular Weid,
With blasing Breists, casting thair Clais abreid;
It is no Neid to tell of quhome I mein,
To quhome the Creid and Testament to reid
Within this Land was nevir hard nor sene.

IV.

SAB mony Maisters, sae mony gowckit Clerks,
Sae mony Waisters, to God and all his Warks,
Sic fyrie Sparks, dispytful frae the Splene,
Sic losin Sarks, sae mony Glengore Marks,
Within, &c.

V.

SAB mony Lords, sae mony naturale Fules,
That better accords, to play them at the Trules,
Nor seis the Dules, that commons did sustene.
New tane frae Schules, sae mony Anis and Mules,
Within, &c.

VI.

SAB meikle Treasson, sae mony partial Saws,
Sae little Reason, to help the common Cause,
That all the Laws are not set by ane Bene,
sic fenziel Flaws, sae money wastit Waws,
Within, &c.

VII.

SAE many Theivs and Murderers weil kend,
 SAE grit Receivs of Lords them till deffend,
 Because they spend the Pelf them berwene,
 SAE few till wend this Mischeif till amend,
 Within, &c.

VIII.

THIS to correct, they store with mony Cracks,
 But small the Effect of Speir or barta Ax,
 Quhen Courage lacks, that suld the Corfs mak keir,
 SAE many Jacks, and Brats on Beggars Baks,
 Within, &c.

IX.

SIC Vant of Woultours, with Hearts in sinful Satures,
 Sic brawland Bosters, degenerate frae their Natures,
 And sic Reqratours, the pure Man to prevence;
 SAE many Traytors, sAE many Rubeators,
 Within, &c.

X.

SAE many Jugcs, and Lords new made of late,
 SAE small Refuges, the pure Man to debate;
 SAE many Estate, for common Weil sAE quhene,
 Owre all the Gate, sAE many Theives sa tait,
 Within, &c.

XI. SAE

XI.

SAB mony a Sentance retreinit for to win
Geir and Aquentance, or Kyndness of thair Kin;
Thay think nae Sin, quhair Proffit cums betwene
Sae mony a Gin, to haist them to the Pin,
Within, &c.

XII.

SIC Knavis and Crakkars, to play at Cards and Dyce,
Sic Haland-Shakers, quhilk ate *Cowkyllys* Gryce,
Ar halden of Pryce, when Lymers do convene;
Sic Store of Vyce, sae mony Witts unwyse,
Within, &c.

XIII.

SAB mony Merchands, sae mony ar mensworne,
Sic pure Tennands, sic cursing Ein and Morn,
Quhilk slays the Corn, and Fruit that grows grene;
Sic Skaith and Skorn, sae mony Paitlairs worn,
Within, &c.

XIV.

SAB mony Rackets, sae mony Ketch Pillars,
Sic Balls, sic Nackets, and sic Tutivilaris,
And sic Ill-willars, to speik of King and Quene,
Sic Pudding-fillars, descending down frae Millars,
Within, &c.

XV. SIC

XV.

SIC Fardingails on Flags as fat as Quhails,
 Fattit lyk Fouls, with Hatts that nocht avails,
 And sic foul Tails, to sweip the Causy elene,
 The Dust up sails, sae mony with uck sails
 Within, &c.

XVI.

SAB mony a Kitty, drest up in Golden Chenze,
 Sae few witty, that weil can Fables fenze,
 With apil Renze, ay shawand her Golden Chene;
 Of Sathans Senzie sure sic an unfall Menzie
 Within this Land was nevir hard nor sene.

Quod DUNBAR.



Wise SAYINGS.

IT that I gife, I haif,
 It that I len, I craif,
 It that I spend, is myne,
 It that I leif, I tyne :

Get and saif, and thou salt haif,
 Len and grant, and thou salt want;
 Wha in his Plenty taks not Heid,
 He sall haif Falt in Tyme of Neid:
 When eir I lend,
 I am a Friend,
 And whan I craif,
 I am unkynd;
 Thus of my Friend, I mak a Fae,
 I shrew me, gif I mair do fae.

A zung Man Chiftane, wittles,
 A pure Man Spendar, gettles,
 Ane auld Man Trechour, truthless,
 A Woman Lowpar, landless;
 Be gude Saint *Giel*,
 Sall nevir ane of thir do weil.

T H E



THE
COMPLAINT.

*An EPISTLE to his Mistress
on the Force of LOVE.*

I.

Q UHAIR Love is kendlit comfortless,
 Ther is nae Fever half sae fell,
 Frae *Cupid* keist his Dart begets,
 I had nae Hap to saif my fell,
 Lyk as my wofull Heart can tell,
 My inwart Pains and Siching sair;
 For weil I wat the Pains of Hell
 Unto my Pain can nocht compare,

II. For

II.

● For ony Malledy, ze ken,
Except peuir Luvè, or than stark Deid,
Help may be had frae Hands of Mén,
Throw Medicines to mak Remeid:
For Harms of Body, Hands or Heid,
The Pottingars will purge the Pains;
But all the Members are at Feid,
Quhair that the Law of Luvè remains.

III.

As *Tantalus* in Watter stands,
To stanche his thrifty Appetyte,
Bewailing Body, Heid and Hands,
The River fleis him in Dispyte;
Sae does my lusty Lady qwhyte,
She fleis the Place where I repair:
To hungry Mén is final Delyte
To twitch the Meit, and eit nae mair.

IV.

THE nar the Flame, the hetter Fyre,
The mair I pyne, zet I persew,
The mair enkendlis my Disyre,
Frae I behald her heavenly Hew;

110 *Complaint to his Mistress.*

Pure *Piramus* himself he flew,
Made Saul and Body to disflaver,
He diet but anes, farwel, adiew,
I daylie die, and zet dies never.

V.

ZET *Jason* did enjoy *Medea*,
And *Theseus* gat his *Adriano*,
Dido disflaved was with *Enea*,
And *Demophoy* his Lady wan;
Gif Women trowd sic Traytors than,
For till enjoy the Fruits of Luve,
Quhy wald ze slay zour saikles Man,
Quha never mynds for to remuve.

VI.

THOCHT ferls *Achil*, that worthie Knight,
Was slain for Luve, the Suthe to say,
Leander on a stormy Night
Diet sleitand on the Billous gray;
Thocht *Troyalus* he langourt ay,
Still waitand for his Luves Return,
Had not sic Pyne (thairs was but Play)
As daylie does my Body burn.

VII. As

Complaint to his Mistress. III

VII.

As Pol to Pylatts does appeir
Far brichtar than the Stars about;
Sae does zour Visage shine as clair
As Role among the raskal Rout;
War *Paris* leivand now, bot Dout,
And had the Golden Ball to serve,
I wate hé wald fune wail zou out,
And leif baith *Venus* and *Minerve*.

VIII.

Now Paper pas, and at her speir,
Gif pleise her Prudence to imprint it?
My faithfull Heart I send it heir,
In Signe of Paper I present it;
Wald God my Body war fornent it,
That I micht serve hir Grace bot Glammer,
To be hir Knaif I am contentit,
Or smallest Varlet of her Chammer.

Quod King HENRY STEWART.

CUPID



*CUPID quareld for his Tyranie;
Blindnes and Injustice.*

I.

QUHOME sould I wyt for my Mischance,
But *Cupid* King of Variance,
Thy Court, without Considerance,
Quhen I it knew,
Or evir made the Observance,
Richr fair I rew.

II.

THOU and thy Law ar Instruments
Of diverss Inconveniments;
Thy Service mony fair repents,
Knawing the Quarrell,
Quhen Body, Fame and Substance shents;
And Saul in Perel.

III. QUHAT

III.

WHAT is thy Manrent but Mischeif,
Sturt, Anger, Grunching, Yre and Greif,
Ill Lyfe, and Langour bot Releife,

Of Wounds ſae wan,
Dſplifour, Pain, and hie Repreife

Of GOD and Man.

IV.

THOU luvſt all them that loudeſt leiſ,
And followſ faſteſt them that ſeiſ;
Thou lichtlies all trew Properties

Of Luvſ expreſſ,
And markſ quhen neir a Styme thou ſeiſ,
And hitſ begeſſ.

V.

BLIND Buk! but at the Bound thou ſhuteſ,
And them forbeirſ that the rebuteſ;
Thou ryveſ thair Heartſ ay frae the Ruteſ,

Quilk ar thy awin,
And cureſ them that careſ not three Cuteſ
To be miſknawn.

H

VI. THOU

VI

THOU art in Friendship with thy Fae,
 And to thy best Friends fremit ay,
 Thou seims all faithful Men thee frae;
 Of stedfast Thought,
 Regarding nane but ~~their~~ persay
 That cures the nocht.

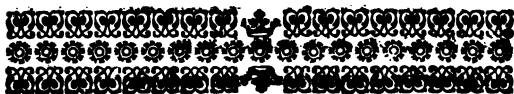
VII

THOU chirrieis them that with the chyds,
 And bannicks them with thee abyds:
 Thou hes thy Horri ay in thair Syds
 That cannot flee;
 Thay furdur warst in thee confyds,
 I say for me.

Quod ALEX. SCOT.



THE



T H E

*Auld Mans inveighing against Mouth-
Thankless.*

I.

A NE agit Man twyce Fourty Zeirs,
After the haly Days of Zule,
I hard him carp amang the Freirs,
Of Order gray, makand grit Dule,
Richt as he war a furious Fule ;
Aft-tymes he sicht, and said Alace !
Be *Claud* my Care may nevir cule,
That I servt evir *Mouth-Thankless*.

II.

THROCH Ignorance, and Folly, Zoush,
My Preterit Tyme I wald neir spair,
Plesance to put into that Mouth,
Till Aige said, Fule, let be thy Fare,
H 2

And

And now my Heid is quhyt and lair,
For feiding of that fowmart Face,

Quhairfor I murn baith late and air,
That I servt evir *Mouth-thankless*;

III.

SILVER and Gold that I might get
Beisands, Broches, Robes and Rings,
Frelic to gife, I wald nocht let,
To pleise the Mulls attour all Things.
Right as the Swan for Sorrow sings,
Before her Deid a little Space,

Richt sae do I, and my Hands wrings,
That I servt evir *Mouth-thankless*;

IV.

BETTER it were a Man to serve
With Honour brave beneath a Shield,
Nor her to pleis, thocht thou sould sterve,
That will not luke on the in Eild,
Frac that thou has nae Hair to heild
Thy Heid frac harming that it hes,

Quhen Pen and Purse and all ar peild;
Tak then a Meis of *Mouth-thankless*.

V.

It may be in Example sene,
The Grund of Truth wha understude,
* Frae in thy Bag thou beirs thyne Een,
Thou gets nae Grace but for thy Gude,
At *Venus* Closet, to conclude,
Call ze not this a cankert Case:

Now GOD help and the haly Rude,
And keip all Men frae *Mouth-thankless*.

VI.

O brukil Zouth in Tyme behald,
And in thy Heart thir Words gae graif,
Or thy Complexion gather Cauld,
Amend thy Mifs, thy self to saif,
The Blifs abune gif thou wald haif,
And of thy Gilt Remit and Grace,
All this I hard an auld Man raif,
After the Zule, of *Mouth-thankless*.

Quod KENNEDY.

* Makes Use of Spectacles



The *Soutar* descryvit by the *Tailzior*.

I.

THou leis Loam, thou leis, thou leis,
 Zone are Soutars that thou leis,
 Kneiland full lawly on thair Kneis,
 Thair Gods will adorn.
 Be Saint *Girnega*, that grim Ghaist,
 To hale ther Hairtresses on haist,
 Of moltin Tauch they tak a Telt
 On *Monandays* at Morn.

II.

To hald them halvesome at the Heart,
 Sum of fat Ulie spews a Quart,
 Uthers a Pynt for thair awn Part,
 Of foul Soutars Blék,

Thus

The Sutar descryvit.

219

Thus sum fits, and sum sews,
Sum bys the Bine, sum Uly spews,
And he keeps ay best his Kows,

Speuts in his Niehbours Net,

III.

Of Tauch or Uly when they want,
Sir *Girnegs* will give a Gant,
And bok a Pynt at ilka Pant,

And dr-- them Roset rowth,
Wald Man and Wyf all do as I,
When air we saw them we sould cry,
Fy on them, fich! and fy! fy! fy!

They fyle the Wind in trowth.





THE

Soutars Answer to the Taylzior.

I.

FALSE clatterand Kensy, Kuckold Knaif,
 Blasphemand Baird in thy Backbyting,
 Of me thou sall an Answer haif,
 Fumart cup forth, and face my Flyting,
 Warfe than a Warlo in thy Wryting;
 Thou Sathans Seid ay set to Evil,
 Mandrag, Mcmerkyn, mismade Myting,
 I sall the conjure lyk the Devil.

II.

FY on the Taylzior never trew,
 Frac Claith weil can thou cleik a Clout,
 Of Stomoks stown baith red and blew,
 A Bag fou anes thou bore about.

They

They followt thee with Cry and Shout,
Hey, hald the Thief that staw the Claith;
Thou will be hangt, haif thou nae Doubt,
For mony presumptuous forsworn Aith.

III.

AMANG the Wyves it sall be witten
Thou was ane Knakat in the Way,
For lousy Scims that thou hast bitten,
Thy Gumes ar gilin grein and gray;
Thy Couch is on a Sonk of Strae,
Peild Prick-louse of a Pudding Price,
Breek Boutcher on a Suny Brae;
Wae worth thee Wirryar of quhyt Lyce.

IV.

THOU zeid with Elwand, Sheir and Thymbill,
Full mony a Day seikand thy Craft;
For Halfpenies thy Hand zeid nimble,
Grit Blads and Bitts thou staw full aft;
Quha delt with thee they wer full daft,
For on thy Back, as all Men kens,
Wer broken mony a gude Ax Shaft,
For wrangus Geir of uther Mens.

V.

THY Wife scho wont a Man she gat
 Of thee, quhen that thou was weil brankit,
 And scho gat but ane Cur Knakar,
 A foul Taid Carle, all Tailzior shankit,
 For Clais that thou misfmade and mankit,
 Thou dar not dwell wher thou was born;
 Zet afterwart thou sall be hankit
 Betwixt Kirkaldy and Kingorne.

Quod STEWART.

BETWIX twa Tods a crawling Cok,
 Betwix twa Friers a Maid in her Smok,
 Betwix twa Cats a Mous,
 Betwix twa Taylziors a Lous;
 Schaw me, gude Sir, not as a Stranger,
 Quhilk of thir Fours in gritest Danger?

A N S W E R.

FOXIS ar fell at crawling Coks,
 Friers ar fers at Maids in thair Smoks,
 Cats ar cautelus in taking Myce,
 Tailziors ar Tyrrans in killing Lyce.

*A B A L L A T made to the Scorn and
Derision of wanton Women.*

I.

ZE lusty Ladyis, luke
The rackles Lyves re leid,
Haunt nocht in Hole or Nuke,
To hurt your Womanheid;
I red, for best Remeid,
Forbeir all Place prophane;
Gif this be Cause of Feid,
I fall not sayt again.

II.

QUAT is sic Love but Lust,
A lytill for Delyte,
To hant that Game robust,
And beistly Apetyte;

I now;

124 *In Derision of wanton Women,*

I nowther feich nor flyte,
But Veritie tell plain;
Tak ye this in Despyte,
I fall not sayt again.

III.

THE wyfeste Scho may sone
Seducit be and schent,
Synce frae the Deid be done,
Perchance fall fair repent;
Ower late is to lament,
Frac Belly dow not lane,
Therfor in Tyme tak tent :
I fall not sayt again.

IV.

LICHT Wenches Luve will fawin,
Evin lyke a *Spanzeolis* Laughter,
To * * *
Be them, list Geir hechaucht hir;
For Conzie ze may caught hir,
To * * *
And nevir speir quhais aucht hir;
I fall not sayt again.

V. THOCH

V.

THOCHT bruckle Women hants
In Lust to leid thair Lyvis,
And Widdow Men that wants
To steil a Pair of wyvis;
But quhere that marriet Wyvis
Gaes by thair Husbands Bane,
That Houfhald nevir thryvis,
I sayt, and sayt again.

VI.

It sets not Maidens als
To let Men lowse thair Lace,
Nor clym about Mens Hals,
To clap, to kifs, and brace;
Nor round in secret Place;
Sic Treatment is a Train
To cleave thair Quaver-Cafe,
And breid them Dule and Pain.

VII.

FAREWELL with Chestotic,
Frac Wenchis fall a Chucking,
Thair follows Things thre,
To gar them gae a Gucking,

Imbracing.

126 *The Derision of wanton Women.*

Imbracing, Tigging, Placking;
Thir foure the Suth to fane,
Enforfis them * * *
I fall not sayt again.

VIII.

SUM lykes new cum to Town,
With Jeigs to mak them joly,
Sum lykes danfs up and down,
To miefs thair Melancholy;
Sum lykes Sang, trolly loly,
And sum of rigging fain;
Lyk Fillocks full of Fofy,
With litle Gier thair ain.

IX.

SUM Mune-brunt Maidens myld,
At None-ryde of the Night,
Are chapit up with Chyld,
Bot Coal or Candle-light;

Sua

*Enforfis them * * ** 'Tis not impossible, but a complete
Copy of this old Ballad may be found to supply these few
Blanks.

In Derision of wanton Women. 1207

Sua fum said, Mayds has Slicht
To play, and tak nae Pane,
Syne schift thair fells frae Sicht,
I fall not sayt again.

X.

Sum thinks nae Schame to clap
And kifs in open Ways;
Sum cannot keip her ap
Frac lanfing, as scho lyes;
Sum goes fac gymp in Gyse,
Or scho war kisd, but plain.
Scho leur be married thryis,
And thre Tymes thryis again.

XI.

MAIR Gentrice is to jot
Undir a Silkin Goun,
Than with quhyt Pettycot
And redyar ay boun,
The denkeft soneft down,
The faireft but refrain,
The gayest greateft Loun,
But dinna tellt again.

XII. THE

128 *In Derision of wanton Women.*

XII.

THE moir degeft and grave,
The grydiar * * *
The nyceft to reffave
Upon thair * * *
The quhiydieft will quhipit,
And nocht thair * * *
The lefs, the larger hippit;
I fhall not fayt again.

XIII.

Lo Ladyis gif this be,
A gude Counfale I geife zou;
To fave zour Honeltie,
Frac Sklander to relcife zòu;
Bùt Ballatts mae to breif zou,
I will not break my Brain,
Suppose ze fould mifcheivé you,
I fall not fayt again.

Quod SCOTT.

On



*On the Uncertainty of Life and Fear of
Death, or a Lament for the Loss of
the Poets.*

I.

OU^r Pleasance heir is all vain Glory,
This World false but transatory;
The Flesh is bruckle, the Feynd is slie,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

II.

THE State of Man dois change and vary,
Now sound, now seik, now blyth, now fary,
Now danfand merry, now lyk to die,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

III.

No State in all the Eard stands sicker,
But as the West-Wind wavis the wicker,
Sae wanes this worldly Vanity,
Timor mortis, &c.

I

IV. Doug

VI. Lament for the Loss of the Poets.

IV.

DOWN to the Death gois all Estates,
Princes, Prelates and Potentates,
Baith rich and pure of all Degree,
Timor, &c.

V.

HE takis the Knights into the Feild,
Enarmed under Helm and Shield,
He Victor is at all mellic,
Timor, &c.

VI.

THAT strang invynfable Tyrrand
Taks, on the Muthers Breist suckand,
The Babe, full of Benignitie,
Timor, &c.

VII.

HE takis the Camptoun in the Scour,
The Captain cloid within the Towir,
The Lady in Bowre, full of Bewtie,
Timor, &c.

Timor, &c.

VIII. F

Lament for the Loss of the Poets. 231

VIII.

HE spares no Lord for his Pusiance,
Nor Clerk for his Intelligence;
His awfull Strake may no Man flee,
Timor, &c.

IX.

ART Magicians and Astrologs,
Rethoris, Logitians, Theologs,
Get Help frae nae Conclusions see,
Timor, &c.

X.

IN Medecyne the most Practitians,
Leiches, Surrigians and Phesitians,
Themselves frae Death may not supplie,
Timor, &c.

XI.

I see the Makkars, mang the laif,
Plays here thair Padzians, syne gois to Graif;
Nor spairt is thair sweet Facultie,
Timor, &c.

132 *Lament for the Loss of the Poets.*

XII.

HE has done petoufly devore,
The nobil * *Chawser* of Makkars Flowir,
The *Monk of Berry* and *Gower* all thre,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIII.

THE gude *Sr Hew of Eglintoun*,
Etrick, Heriot and *Winton*,
He has tane out of this Countrey;
Timor, &c.

XIV.

THAT *Scorpion fell* has done infek,
Maister John Clerk and *James Affleck*,
Frae Ballat making and *Tragedy*,
Timor, &c.

XV. HO.

* 'Tis worthy of Notice how generously Mr. Dunbar pays his Respects to the Memory of the renowned *Chawcer*, *Gower* and *Lidgate*, before he names his own Country Poets.

Lament for the Loss of the Poets. 133

XV.

Holand and *Barbor* he has bereft,

Allace! that he not with us left

Sr *Mungo Lockhart* of the *Lie*,

Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVI.

CLERK of *Tranent* eik he has tane,

That made the *Aventers* of Sir *Gawane*,

Sir *Gilbert Gray* endit has he,

Timor, &c.

XVII.

HE has *Blind Hary* and *Sandy Trail*

Slain with his Shot of mortall Hail,

Quhilk Patrick Johnson nicht not flie,

Timor, &c.

XVIII.

HE has reft *Merfar* his *Indyte*,

That did in *Luve* so lyffe wryte,

So Ichort, so quick, of *Sentens* hic,

Timor, &c.

134 *Lament for the Loss of the Poet.*

XIX.

He has tane Rowl of *Aharbend*,
 And gentle Rowl of *Conforphynes*;
 Twa better Fallows did no Man see,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XX.

IN *Dumfermling* he has tane *Braun*,
 With gude *Mr. Robert Kemmyson*;
Sr John the Ross imbraist has he,
Timor, &c.

XXI.

AND he has now tane, last of aw,
 The gentle *Stobo* and *Quintene Schaw*,
 Of quhome all Wichts has grit *Fine*,
Timor, &c.

XXII.

AND *Mr. Walter Kennedy*
 In Poynt of Death lyes werele;
 Grit Rewth it wer that so fould be,
Timor, &c.

XXIII. SEN

POSTSCRIPT. 133

XXIII.

SEN he has all my Brethren tane,
He will not let me live alane;
On Foris I maun his next Prey be,
Timor, &c.

XXIV.

SEN for the Death Remeid is none,
Best is that we for Death dispone;
Aftir our Death, that live may we,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

POSTSCRIPT.

XXV.

SUTHE I forsie, if Spae-craft had,
Frae Hethir-Muirs fall ryse a LAD,
Aftir twa Centries past, fall he
Revive our Fame and Memorie.

XXVI.

THEN fall we flourish EVIR GRENE;
All Thanks to carefull Bannantyne,
And to the * PATRON kind and frie,
Quha lends the LAD baith them and me.

XXVII.

FAR fall we fare, baith Eist and West,
Owre ilka Clyme by Scots posselt;
Then sen our Warks fall nevir die,
Tymor mortis non turbat me.

Quod DUNBAR.

* Patron, Mr. William Carmichael, Brother to the Earl of Hyndford, who lent A. R. that curious MSS. collected by Mr. George Bannantyne, Anno 1568, from whence these Poems are printed.



The WIFE of Auchtermuchty.

I.

I N *Auchtermuchty* dwelt a Man,
 An Husband, as I heard it tawld,
 Quha weil coud tippie out a Can,
 And nowther luvit Hungir nor Cauld,
 Till anes it fell upon a Day,
 He zokit his Plewch upon the Plain;
 But schort the Storm wald let him stay,
 Sair blew the Day with Wind and Rain.

II.

He lowld the Plewch at the Lands End,
 And draife his Owfen hame at Enc;
 Quhen he came in he blinkit ben,
 And saw his *Wyfe* baith dry and clene,
 Set beikand by a Fyre full bauld,
 Suppand fat Sowp, as I heard say:
 The Man being weary, wet and cauld,
 Betwain thir twa it was nae Play.

III. Quon

138 *The Wife of Auchtermuchty.*

III.

Quod he, quhair is my Horses Corn,

My Owfen has nae Hay nor Strae,

Dame, ye maun to the Plewch the Morn,

I fall be Huffy gif I may.

This Scid-time it proves cauld and bad,

And ze sit warm, nae Troubles se;

The Morn ze fall gae with the Lad,

And syne zeil ken what Drinkers drie.

IV.

GUDEMAN, quod scho, content am I,

To tak the Plewch my Day about,

Sae ye rule weil the Kaves and Ky,

And all the House baith in and out:

And now sen ze haif made the Law,

Then gyde all richt and do not break;

They sicker raid that neir did faw,

Therefore let naithing be neglect.

V.

BUT sen ye will Huffyскеp ken,

First ye maun sift and syne fall kned;

And ay as ze gang butt and ben,

Luke that the Bairns dryt not the Bed:

And

The Wife of Auchtermuchty. 119

And lay a fast Wyf to the Kiln,
We haif a dear Farm on our Heid;
And ay as ze gang forth and in,
Keip weil the Gaislings frae the Gled.

VI.

THE Wyfe was up richt late at Ene,
I pray Luck gife her ill to fair,
Scho kirk'd the Kirk, and skunt it clene,
Left the Gudeman but bledoch bair:
Then in the Morning up scho gat;
And on hir Heart bid hir Disjane,
And pat as meikle in hir Lap,
As nicht haif ferd them baith at Nune.

VII.

SAYS, Jok, be thou Maister of Wark,
And thou sall had, and I sall ka,
He promise thee a gude new Sark,
Either of round Claith or of sma.
Scho lowft the Outen aught or nyne,
And hynt a God-staff in her Hand:
Up the Gudemen raise afitr syne,
And saw the Wyfe had done Command.

VIII. H2

140 *The Wife of Auchtermuchty.*

VIII.

He draif the Gaislings forth to feid,
Thair was but sevensum of them aw,
And by thair comes the greidy Gled,
And lickt up five, left him but twa:
Then out he ran in all his Mane,
How sune he hard the Gaislings cry;
But than or he came in again,

The Kaves brak louse and suckt the Ky.

IX.

THE Kaves and Ky met in the Loan,
The Man ran with a Rung to red,
Than by came an illwilly Roan,
And brodit his Buttoks till they bled;
Syn e he tuke a Rok of Tow,
And he sat down to sey the Spinning;
He loutit doua our neir the Low,
Quod he this Wark has ill Beginning.

X.

THE Leam up throu the Lum did flow,
The Sute tuke Fyre it flied him than,
Sum Lumps did fall and burn his Pow;
I wat he was a dirty Man:

Zit

The Wife of Auchtermuchty. 141

Zit he gat Water in a Pan,
Quherwith he slokend out the Fyre:
To soup the House he syne began,
To had all richt was his Desyre.

XI.

HYND to the Kirn then did he stoure,
And jumblit at it till he swat,
Quhen he had rumblit a full lang Hour,
The Sorrow crap of Butter he gat;
Albeit nae Butter he could get,
Zit he was cummert with the Kirn,
And syne he het the Milk sae het,
That ill a Spark of it wad zyrne.

XII.

THEN ben thair cam a greidy Sow,
I trow he cund hir lile Thank:
For in scho shot hir mekle Mow,
And ay scho winkit, and ay scho drank.
He tuke the Kirnstaff be the Schank,
And thocht to reik the Sow a Rout,
The twa left Gaislings gat a Clank,
That Straik dang baith thair Harns out.

XIII. THEN

142 *The Wife of Auchtermachty.*

XIII.

THEN he bure Kendling to the Kill,

But scho start all up in a Low,

Quhat eir he heard what eir he saw,

That Day he had nae Will to * *

Then he zied to take up the Bairns,

Thocht to have fund them fair and cleene,

The first that he gat in his Arms,

Was a begerin to the Ene.

XIV.

THE first it smellt sae sappylie,

To touch the lave he did not grein:

The Deil cut aff thair Hands, quoth he,

That cramd zour Kytes sae strute zestrein.

He traild the foul Sheits down the Gare,

Thocht to haif wush them on a Stane,

The Burn was risen grit of Spait,

Away frae him the Sheits has tane.

XV.

THEN up he gat on a Know-heid,

On hir to cry, on hir to schout:

Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,

But stoutly steird the Stots about.

Scho

The Wife of Auchtermuchty. 143

Scho draif the Day unto the Nicht,

Scho lowft the Plewch, and fyne came hame;

Scho fand all wrang that fould bene rich,

I trow the Man thocht mekle Schame.

XVI.

Quoth he, my Office I forfak,

For all the hale Days of my Lyfe;

For I wald put a Houfe to Wraik,

Had I been twenty Days Gudewyfe.

Quoth scho, weil mot ze bruke your Place,

For truly I fall neir accept it;

Quoth he, Feynd fa the Lyars Face,

But zit ze may be blyth to get it.

XVII.

Then up scho gat a mekle Rung;

And the Gudeman made to the Dore,

Quoth he, Dame, I fal hald my Tung,

For and we fecht I'll get the war:

Quoth he, when I forfuke my Plewch,

I trow I but forfuke my Skill:

Then I will to my Plewch again;

For I and this Houfe will nevir do weil.

Quod MORFAT.

THE



*The Borrowstoun Mous, and the Land-
 wart Mous.*

I.

E Asop relates a Tale weil worth Renown,
 Of twa wie Myce, and they war Sisters deir,
 Of quhom the Elder dwelt in Borrowstoun,
 The Zunger scho wond upon Land weil neir,
 Richt solitair beneth the Buss and Breir,
 Quhyle on the Corns and Wraith of labouring Men,
 As Outlaws do, scho maid an easy Fen.

II.

THE Rural Mous, unto the Winter-tyde,
 Thold Canld and Hunger aft, and grit Distress:
 The uther Mous that in the Burgh can byde,
 Was Gilt-bruther, and made a frie Burges,
 Tol frie, and without Custom mair or less,
 And Friedom had to gae quhair eir scho list,
 Among the Cheis and Meil in Ark or Kist.

III. ANE

III.

ANB Tyme when scho was full, and on Fute fair;
Scho tuke in Mynd her Sister up-on-Land,
And langt to ken her Weisair and her Cheir,
And se quhat Lyf scho led under the Wand:
Bare-fute alane, with Pykstaff in her Hand,
As Pilgrim pure scho past out of the Toun
To seik her Sister, baith in Dale and Doun.

IV.

THROW mony wilsum Ways then couth scho walk,
Throw Mure and Moss throwout Bank, Busk and
Breir,

Frae Fur to Fur, cryand frae Balk to Balk,
Cum furth to me, my awin sweit Sister deir,
Cry, peip anes, ---- with that the Mous couth heir,
And knew her Voce, as kindly Kinsmen will,
Scho hard with Joy, and furth scho came her till.

V.

THAIR hearty Cheir was plesand to be sene,
Quhen thir twa Sisters kind with Blythness met;
Quhilk aften Syfs was shawin them rwa betwain;
For quhyls they leuch, and quhyls for Joy they gras,
Quhyls sweidly kist, and quhyls in Arms they plet:

146 *The Borrowstoun Mous*

And thus they fure, till sobirt was thair Meid;
Syne Fute for Fute they to thair Chalmie zeid:

VI.

As I hard say, it was a semple Wane
Of Fog and Fern, full fecklesly was maid,
A filly Sheil, under a Eard-fast Stane,
Of quhilk the Entrie was not hie nor braid;
Into the same they went bot mair abaid,
Withouten Fyre or Candle birnand bricht,
For commonly sic Pykers luvës not Licht.

VII.

QUEEN thus wer lugit thir twa filly Myce;
The zungest Sister to her Butrie hyed,
And brocht furth Nuts and Peis insteid of Spyce,
And sic plain Cheir as scho had her besyde:
The Burges Mous sæe dynk and full of Pryde;
Sayd, Sister myne, Is this zour daylie Fude?
Quhy nor, quod scho, think ze this Mefs not gude?

VIII.

Næ, be my Saul, methink it but a Scorn;
Madame, quod scho, ye be the mair to blame:
My Moder said, astir that we wer born,
That ze and I lay baith within her Wame;
I keep the richt auld Custome of my Dame

And

And of my Syre, — livand in Povertie,
For Lands and Rents nane is our Propertie.

IX.

My Sister fair, quod scho, haif me excusht,
This Dyet rude and I can neir accord;
With tender Meit my Stomock still is uist,
For quhy, I fair as weil as ony Lord:
Thir withert Nuts and Peis, or they be bord,
Will brek my Chafts, and mak my Teith full
sklender,
Quhilk has bein uist before to Meit mair tender.

X.

WHEL Sister, weil then, quoth the rural Mous,
Gif that ze pleis sic Things as ze se heir,
Baith Meit and Drink, and Herbouray and Hous,
Sall be zour awin, will ze remain all Zeir,
Ze fall it haif with blyth and hairtly Cheir,
And that sould mak the Messes that ar rude,
Still amang Freinds richt tender, sweit and gude.

148 *The Borrowstoun Mous*

XI.

QUHAT Plesans is in Feists mair dilicate,

The quhillk ar given with a gloumand Brow ;

A gentle Heart is better recreate

With Usage blyth, than seith to him a Cow ;

Ane *Modicum* is better, zeill allow,

Sae that Gude-will be Carver at the Dess,

Than a thrawn Vult, and mony a spycie Mest.

XII.

FOR all this moral Doctrine, ticht and foun,

The Burges Mous had little Will to sing,

But hevely scho kest her Visage down,

For all the Daintys scho eouth till her bring ;

Zit at the last scho said, half in hie thing,

Sister this Vittell and zour Royal Feist

May weil suffice for sic a rural Beist.

XIII.

LET be this Hole, and cum unto my Place,

I sall zou schaw, by gude Experience,

That my *Gude-Frydays* better than zour *Passe*,

And a Dish licking worth zour hale Expençe ;

Houfes I haif enow of grit Defence,

Of Cat, nor Fall, nor Trap, I haif nae Dreid :

This said,---that was convince,---and furth they zeid.

XIV. I N

XIV.

In Skugry ay throw rankest Gras and Corn,

And Wonder slie full prively they creip;

The eldest was the Gyde, and went befor,

The zunger to her Futesteps tike gude keip;

On Nicht they ran, and on the Day did sleip,

Till on a Morning, or the Lavrock sang,

They fand the Toun, and blythly in couch gang.

XV.

No r far frae thyne, on till a worthy Wane,

This Burges brocht them sune quhair they sould be,

Without God-speid, ---- thair Herboury was tane

Intill a Spence, wher Vittell was Plenty,

Baith Cheis and Butter on lang Skelfs richt hie,

With Fish and Flesh enough baith fresh and salt,

And Pokks full of Grots, Barlie, Meil and Malt,

XVI.

QUHEN afterwart they wer disposd to dyne,

Withouten Grace they wush and went to meit,

On every Dish that Cuikmen can divyne,

Muttone and Beif cut out in Telzies grit,

Ane Erles Fair thus can they counterfitt,

Except ane Thing, ---- they drank the Watter cleir

Insteid of Wyne, but zit they made gude Cheir,

XVII.

WITH blyth Upcast and merry Countenance,

The elder Sister then speird at her Gest,

Gif that scho thocht be Reson Differance

Betwixt that Chalmer and her sary Nest ;

Zea Dame, quoth scho? but how lang will this last?

For evermair I wate, and langer to ;

Gif that be trew, ze ar at Eise, quoth scho.

XVIII.

To eik the Cheir, in Plenty furth scho brocht

A Plate of Grots, and a large Dish of Meil,

A Threse of Caiks, I trow scho spairt them nocht,

Abundantie about her did scho deil ;

Furmage full fyne scho brocht insteid of Geil,

A Candle quhyte out of a Coffer staw,

Insteid of Spyce, to creish thair Teith with a.

XIX.

THUS made they mirry, quhyle they nicht nae mair,

And hail *Zule!* hail! they all cryt up on hie;

But after Joy ther astentymes comes Cair,

And Trouble after grit Prosperitie:

Thus as they sat in all thair Solitie,

The Spens came on them with Keis in his Hand,

Apent the Dore, and them at Dinner fand.

XX. THE Y

XX.

THEY tarrict not to wash, ze may suppose,

But aff they ran, quha nicht the formost win;
The Burges had a Hole, and in scho gae,

Her Sister had nae Place to hyde her in,
To se that silly Mous it was grit Sin,
Sae disalait and will of all gude reid,

For very Feir scho fell in Swoun, neir deid,

XXI.

BUT as *Jove* wald, it fell a happy Case,

The Spensar had nae Laifar lang to byde,
Nowthir to force, to seik, nor skar, nor chese,

But on he went, and kest the Dore upwyde;
This Burges then his Pasage weil has spyd,
Out of her Hole scho came, and cryt on his,
How! Sister fair, cry, peip, quhair eir thou be.

XXII.

THE Landwart Mous lay flatlings on the Ground,

And for the Deid scho was full fair dreidand,
For to her Heart strak mony a waefull Stound,

As in a Fever trymbelit scho Fute and Hand;
And when her Sister in sic Plicht her fand,

For very Pitie scho began to greit;

Syne Comfort gaif, with Words as Huny sweit,

Quh^{er} ly ze thus? Ryse up my Sister deir,

Cum to zour Meit, this Perell is owre-past;

The uther answert, with a hevy Cheir,

I may nocht eit, fac fair I am agast:

I lever had this fourtie lang Days fast,

With Watter Kail, and gnaw dry Beins and Peis;

Then haif zour Feist with this Dreid and Wancise.

With Tretie fair, at last, scho gart her ryse,

To Burde they went, and down together sat;

But skantly had they drunken anes or twyce,

Quhen in came Hunter Gib, the joly Cat,

And bad God-speid. — The Burges up scho gat,

And till her Hole scho fled lyk Fyre frae Flint;

But Badrans be the Back the uther hint.

Frae Fute to Fute he kest her to and frae,

Quhys up, quhys down, als tait as ony Kid;

Quhys wald he let her ryn beneath the Strae,

Quhys wald he wink and play with her Buk-hid?

Thus to the silly Mous grit Harm he did;

Till at the last, throw fair Fortune and Hap,

Berwixt the Dreiflour and the Wall scho crap.

XXVI.

SYNE up in haste behind the Pannaling,

Sae hie scho clam, that Gibby might not get her,

And be the Cluks sae craftylie can hing,

Till he was gane, her Cheir was all the better.

Syne down scho lap, quhen ther was nane to let her.

Then on the Burges Mous alloud did cry,

Sister fairweil, heir I thy Feist defy.

XXVII.

WER I anes in the Cot that I cam frae,

For Weil nor Wae I sould neir cum again.

With that scho tuke her Leif, and furth can gae,

Quhyles throw the Riggs of Corn, quhyles owre
the Plain,

Quhen scho was furth and frie, her Heart was fain,

And merrylic she linkit owre the Mure,

Needless to tell how afterwart scho fure.

XXVIII.

BUT this in schort she reikt her eisy Den,

As warm as on suppose it was not grit,

Full beinly stuffit it was baith butt and ben,

With Peis, and Nuts, and Beins, and Ry and Quheit,

When eir scho lykt scho had enouch of Meit,

In Eife and Quiet, withouten Sturt and Dreid,
But till her Sister's Feist nae mair she zeid.

The M O R A L I T I E.

XXIX.

H EIR ze may find, my Freinds, gif ze tak E
Unto this Fable a gude Moralitie,
As Fitches minglit are with noble Seid,
Sae interwoven is Adversitie
With eardly Joy, so that nae State is free,
Withoutten Trouble and aft grit Vexation,
And namelie thay that wrestle up maist hie,
And not contentit ar of small Possession.

XXX.

B LISSIT be symple Lyfe, withoutten Dreid,
Blissit be sober Feist in Quietie ;
Quha has eneuch of nae mair has he Neid,
Thocht it be litle into Quantitie,

Abou

Aboundance grit and blind Prosperitie
Maks aften tymes a very ill Conclusion:

The sweitest Lyfe therefore in this Countrie
Is Sickerness and Peace with small Possession.

XXXI.

O wanton Man, quhilk uses ay to feid
Thy Wame, and maks it maist thy God to be,
Luke to thy self I warn thee weil on Deid;
For the Cat cums, and to the Mous has Ec,
Quhat does avail thy Feist and Ryclry,
With dreidfull Hairt, and endless Tribulation:
Therefore best Thing on Eard, I say for me,
It is a merry Mynd and small Possession.

XXXII.

FRIEND, thy awin Fyre, thocht it be but ane Gleid,
Will warm the weil, and is worth Gold to thee;
And Salamon the Sage, says (gif ze reid)
*Under the Hevin I can nocht better se,
Than ay be blyth, and leif in Honestie.*
Quhairfore I may conclude me with this Reason,
Of Eardly Blis it beirs the best Degree,
Blythness of Hairt in Peace with small Possession,

Quod Mr. R. HENRYSON,

A D.



ADVICE to his young KING

I.

PRECHLAND Prince, haiffing Prerogatyve,
 Of Royal Richt in this Region to ring,
 I thee besek against thy Lust to stryve,
 And lue thy GOD aboif all uther Thing,
 And him implore now in thy Zeirs zing
 To grant thee Grace thy Subjects to defend,
 Quhilk he has given to thee in governing
 In Peice and Honour to thy Lyves End.

II.

AND sen thou stands in sic a tender Age,
 That Nature zit to thee Wifdome denys;
 Therefore submit unto thy Council sage,
 And in all Manner work as they deuyse:

Bu

Advice to his young King. 139

But ower all Things keip thee frae Covetyse;
To princely Honour gif thou wald pretend;
Be liberal ay, then fall thy Fame upryse,
And win thee Honour to thy Lyfes End.

III.

GIF that thou gives dilyver quhen thou hechts;
And nevir let thy Hand thy Hecht delay;
For then thy Hecht and thy Diliverance fechts,
Far bettir war thy Hecht had biiden away;
He awis me nocht that schortly says me nay;
But he that hechts, and causes me attend,
Synce gives me not, I may repute him ay,
Anc untrue Dettor to my Lyves End.

IV.

BETTER is the Gut in Feit, than Cramp in Hands,
The Falt of Feit with Horle thou may support;
But quhen thy Hands are bundin up with Bands,
Nac Surrigiane may cure them, nor Comfort;
But thou them open payntit as a Port,
And freily give sic Gudes as God dois send,
Then may they mend within a Season schort,
And win the Honnour to thy Lyfes End.

V. GIVE

V.

GIVE every Man after his Faculty,

And with Discretion still dispoſe thy Geir:

Give not to Fules, and cunning Men ower flie,

Tho Fules ſuld roun and flattir in thine Eir,

Give not to them that dois thy Saws ſweir,

Give to them that are true and conſtant kend;

Then ower all quhair thy Fame they ſall forth beir,

And win the Honnour to thy Lyves laſt End.

VI.

SEN thou art Heid, thy Leiges Members all,

Given by GOD unto thy Governānce,

Luke that thou rule the Rute originall,

That throw thy Falt no Limb make other Grivance!

For quha cannot himſelf gyde and advance?

Quhy ſuld a Provence upon him depend,

To gyde himſelf that has nae Purveance,

With Peice and Honnour to his Lyves laſt End?

VII.

DEID GOD, do Council, of thy Leiges leil

Reward gude Deid, puniſh all Wrang and Vyce,

Thoch that thy Saw be ſicker as thy Seil,

Flemie Frawd and be Deffender of Juſtice.

Ho-

Honour all Time thy noble Genterice,
Obey the Kirk; gif thou dois miss, amend;
Sae sall thou win a Place in Paradyce,
And mak on Eard an honnourable End.

Quod HEN. STEWART.



O N
C O N S C I E N S .

I.

QUHEN Doctors preicht to win the Joy eternal,
Into the Heavens, affir our LORDs Ascens
They Justice taught bot Bud or Favour carnal,
And caust be punisht fleshly vyl Offens,
Gave Benifice to Clerks of CONSCIENS;
And sae the Feynd had sic Envy thereon,
Away he gart frae *Consciens* scrape the Con,
And then behind was only left *Sciens*.

II. THEN

II.

THEN were all Clerks for *Sciens* sune promovit,

And them that wald to Study maist apply :

Bur zit the Feynd at *Sciens* was comuvit,

And gart frae *Sciens* scrape away the *Sci*.

Sae only *Ens* was left by his slie Envy,

Quhilk ay fild be for Gold and Geir expont,

Quhairby Benifices are now disponsit

Bot *Consciens* or *Sciens* to sell and buy.

III.

O Sovraign LORD, and maist excellent King,

Gar put the *Con* and *Sci* again to *Ens*,

And rule thy Realm with Justice in thy Ring;

Give Benifice to Clerks of *Consciens*,

With Truth and Honour to stand thy Defens :

Sae in thy Court that *Consciens* be clene,

For vyle Corruption or thy Days has bene;

Against Justice, with uthir great Offens.

Quod STEWART.

On



*On the CREATION, and
PARADYCE lost.*

I.

GOD by his Word his Wark began;
To form this Erth and Hevin for Man;
The Sic and Watter deip;
The Sun, the Mune and Stars sae bricht,
The Day devydit from the Nicht,
Thair Courtes just to keip;
The Beists that on the Grund do muve,
And Fishes in the Sic;
Fowls in the Air to flie abuve,
Of ilk Kind formed He:
Sum creiping, sum fleiting,
Sum fleing in the Air,
Sae heichly, sae lichtly,
In moving heir and thair.

R

H. T. M. R.

II.

THIR Works of gret Magnificence;
Perfytit by His Providence,

According to His Will;

Nixt He made Man; To gifte him Glorie,
Did with His Image him decore;

Gaife Paradyse him till;

Into that Garden hevinly wrecht;

With Pleasures mony a one;

The Beists of every Kynd wer brocht,

Thair Names he suld expone;

Therewith keping and nameing,

As thair he list to call,

For cising and pleising

Of Man, subdued them all.

III.

IN heavenly Joy Man sae posselt;

To be alane GOD thocht not best,

Made Eve to be his Maik;

Bad them increas and multiplie;

And of the Fruit frae every Tree

Thair Pleasure they suld take,

Exce

Except the Tree of Gude and Ill

That in the Midst dois stand,
Forbad that they suld cum thertill,

Or twitch it with thair Hand;

Lest lukiſg and plucking,

Baith they and all thair Seid,

Seveirly, awfteirly,

Suld die without Remeid.

IV.

Now *Adam* and his luſty *Wyfe*

In Paradyce leidand thair Lyfe,

With Pleaſures inſinite;

Wanting nae thing ſuld do them Eaſe,

The Beisťs obeying them to pleaſe,

As they could wiſh in Spreit :

Behald the Serpent fullenlie

Envyand Man's Eſtate,

With wicket Craft and Subtiltie

Eve temptit with Defait;

Nocht feiring, but ſpeiring,

Quhy ſcho tuke not her till,

In uſing and chuſing

The Fruit of Gude and Ill?

V.

COMMANDIT us, scho said, the LORD,

Noways therto we suld accord,

Undir eternall Pain;

But grantit us full Libertie

To eit the Fruit of every Tree;

Except that Tree in plain:

No, no, nocht sae, the Serpent said,

Thou art defaifet therin;

Eit ze therof, ze sall be made

In Knowledge lyke to him,

In seiming and deiming

Of every thing aricht,

As dewlic, as trewly,

As ze wer Gods of Micht.

VI.

EVE thus with these fals Words allurit,

Eit of the Fruit, and syne procurit

Adam the same to play:

Behald, said scho, how precious,

Sae dilicate and delicious,

Besyde Knowlege for ay:

Adam

and Paradyce lost.

169

Adam putt up in worldly Glore,

Ambition and high Pryd,

Bit of the Fruit; allace therfore,

And sae they baith did flyd;

Neglecting, forzetting

The eternall Gods Command,

Quha scurged and purged

Them quyt out of that Land.]

VII.

QUHEN they had citen of that Fruit,

Of Joy then war they destitute,

And saw thair Bodys bare;

Annon they past with all thair Speid,

Of Leives to mak themselves a Weid,

To cleith them, was thair Care;

During the Tyme of Innocence,

Nae Sin or Schame they knew,

Frae Tyme they gat Experience,

Unto ane Busis they drew,

Abyding and hyding,

As God suld not them see,

Quha spyed, and cryed,

Adam, quhy hyds thou thee?

L 3

VIII. 1

XI.

O cruel Serpent venomous,
Dispytfull and seditious,

The Grund of all our Care;
Thou fals-bound Slave unto the Devill,
Thou first Inventar of this Evill

Of Blifs, quhilk made us bare;
O devlish Slave, did thou believe,

Or thou had thou sic Grace,
Therby for evir thou micht live

Above into that Place:

Thy Grudging gat Scrudging,

And sae God lute the se,

Desavers no Cravers

Of His Reward suld be.

XII.

O dainty Dame, with Eirs bent

That harkent to that fals Serpent,

Thy Bains we may fair ban;

Without Excuse thou art to blame,

Thou justly has obtaint that Name,

The very *We of Men*:

With

and Paradyce lost.

169

With Teirs we may bewail and greit

Thar wickit Tyme and Tyde,

Quhen *Adam* was obligit to sleip,

And thou tane off his Syde.

No Sleiping bot Weiping

Thy Said hes fund senfyne,

Thy Eiting and Sweiting,

Is turn'd to Wo and Pyn.

XIII.

ADAM, thy Part, quha can excuse,

With Knowlege thou that did abuse

Thyne awn Felicitie.

The Serpent his inventing fals,

The Womans sune consenting als,

Was nocht sae wicketly.

GOD did prefer thee to this Day,

And them subdewt to thee,

Sae all that they culd mein or say,

Suld not have moved thee

To brecking, abjecting

That hie Command of Lyfe

Quhilk gydid, provydit

The ay to live bot Stryf.

XIV. B.

XIV.

BEHALD the State that Man was in,
And als how it he tynt throw Sin,

And lost the same for ays

Zet God his Promise dois perform,
Sent his Son of the Virgin born,

Our Ransome deir to pay.

To that great God let us give Glore,

To us has bein sae gude,

Quha be his Grace did us restore,

Quherof we were denude;

Not caring nor sparing

His Body to be rent,

Redeiming, relerving

Us quhen we wer all schene.

*Quod Sir RICH^d. MAITLAND
of Lethingtoun, Knt.*





*The Devils Advice to all and
sundry of his best Friends.*

I.

THIS Nicht in Sleip I was agast,
Methocht the Deil was tempand fast
People with Aiths of Cruelrie,
Sayand as throw the Fair he past,
Renunce your GOD, and cum to me.

II.

METHOCHT as he went forth the Way, |
A Preist sweirt braid be GOD verry,
Quhilk at the Alter ressavie he:
Thou art my Clerk, the Deil can say,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

III.

THEN swore a Courtier of grit Pryd,
Be Chrysts Woundis bludy and wyd,
And be his Harmis was rent on Tree;
Then spak the Deil hard him besyd,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

IV. A

The Devils Advice.

IV.

A Merchant as he Geir did sell,
Renuncit his Part of Heaven for Hell:

The Deil cryd, Welcome mot thou be,
Thou sall be Merchand for my sell,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

V.

A Goldsmith said, This Goldis sac fyne,
That all the Warkmanship I tyne,

The Feind rellaife me, gif I lie.
Think on, quod Nik, that thou art myne;
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

VI.

A Tailzeor said, In all this Town,
Be thair a bettir weil made Gown,

I gife me to the Feynd all frie;
Gramercy Tailzeor, said Maboun,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

VII.

A Soutar said, In gude Effect,
Nor I be hangit be the Neck,

Gif better Burges of Lether be.
Fy, quoth the Deil, thou sawrs of Blek,
Sac clenge the clene, and cum to me,

VIII. A

to his best Freinds.

I 73

VIII.

A *Baxter* said, I quar with God,
And all his Works baith even and od,
Gif fyner Stuff ther neids to be.
The Devil leuch, and gae him a Nod,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

IX.

THE *Fleshour* swore be Sacrament,
And be the Blude maist inocent,
Neir fattir Flesh Man saw with Ec.
The Deil said, Hald on thy Intent,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

X.

THE *Maltman* says, I Blifs forsake,
And may the Deil of Hell me taik,
Give ony better Malt may be,
And of this Kill I haif Inlaik,
Says Sathan, Cum thy Ways to me.

XI.

A *Browster* swore the Malt was ill,
Baith reid and reikit on the Kill,
It will be nae Ale worth a Flie ;
A Boll will not sax Gallons fill:
Mahonn cryis, Cum and mask with me.

XII. THE

XII.

THE *Smith* he swore be Rude and Raip,
Intill a Gallows mot I gaip,

Gif I ten Days win Pennies three,
For laik of Ale I Water laip :

Quod *Nic*, Thoull get far les with me.

XIII.

A *Minsirel* said, the Feynd me ryvè,
Gif I do ocht but drink and yve:

The Deil said, Hardly mot it be,
Exerce that Craft throu all thy Lyfe,

And thouill be sure to cum to me.

XIV.

A *Dyce* bad, with Words of Stryf,
The Deil cum stick him with a Knyf;

But he kest up fair Syces three:
The Deil said, Endit is thy Lyfe,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

XV.

A *Theif* said, Ill that eir I chaip,
Nor a stark Woddy gar me gaip,

But I in Hell for Geir wald be.
The Deil said, Welcom in a Raip,
Gae lift a Cow, and cum to me.

XVI. THE

to his best Friends.

173

XVI.

THE Fish-wyves flat, and swore with Granes,

And to *Auld-nick* fauld Flesh and Banes,

And gaif them with a Schout on hie.

The Deil cryd, Welcome all arraives,

Sling by your Creils, and cum to me.

XVII.

MAITHOCHT the Deils as black as Pk,

Solifand were as Beis thick,

Ay rempand Folk with Ways slie,

Rounand to *Robin* and to *Dick*,

Renunce your Creid, and cum to me.

Quod DUNBAR.



THE



T H E

Claith-Merchant ;

*Or, a Ballat made on Jonet Reid,
Jean Violet, and Anna Whyt, be-
ing slicht Women, and Taverners.*

I.

O F Collours cleir,
Quha lykes to weir,
Are mony Sorts into this Toun,
Grene, Yellow, Blew,
And ilka Hew,
Baith *Paris* Black, and *Inglis* Brown ;
Braw *London* Sky,
Quha lykes to buy,
Colour de Roy is clene laid down,
And *Dunde* Gray
This mony a Day
I, lichtlyt baith be Lad and Loun.

II. But

II.

BUT stanch my Fyking,
And stryd my Lyking,
Are scimly Hews for Simmer Play;
Din dipt in Zellow
For ilka gude fallow,
As *Will* of *Quhyt-hauch* bad me say;
I will not deny it
To them that will buy it,
For Silver nane sall be said nay;
Ze neid not plenze,
It will not stenzie,
Suppose ye weit it Nicht and Day.

III.

AND I have *Quhyt*
Of great Delyt,
And *Violet* quha lykes to weir,
Weil wearand *Reid*
Till ze be dead;
It sall not failzie, tak ze no Feir.
The *Quhyt* is gude,
And richt weil lued,

But zit the Reid is twice as deir:

The Violet syne,

Baith fresh and fyne,

Sall serve ye Hoscing for a Zeir.

IV.

THE Quhyt is teuch,

And fresh enouch,

Safe as the Silk, as all Mën seis.

The Reid is bonny,

And socht be mony;

They hyve about the House lyk Beis.

My Violet safe,

Quhen ye have coft,

Will ply lyk Satin to zour Theis;

Sure be my witting

Not burnt in the Litting,

Suppose baith Lads and Limmers seis.

V.

Of thir thrie Hews

I haif left Clews,

To be our Court-Men Winter Weid,

Weill twynt and smal,

The best of them all

May weir the Claitb for Woul and Threid;

But in the Wawk-mill,
The Wedder is ill:
These are not drying Days indeed;
And gif it be wat,
I hecht for that,
It tuggs in Holes and gaes abraid.

VI.

ZIT its weil wawkir,
Cardit and cawkir,
As warm a Weid as weir the Dais,
Weil wrocht in Luims,
With Wobsters Guims,
Baith thick and nymble gaes the Spule;
Cottond and shorn,
The mair it be worn,
Ze will find zour sell the greater Fide,
Zit bonny forsuith,
Cum buyit in my Buith,
To mak ze Garments against Zule.

VII.

THIR mixt together,
Zour sell may consider,

180 *The Claith-Merchant.*

Quhat fyner Colour can there be fund,
And namely for Breiks,
Gif ony Man seiks,
Heill purchace the Pair ay for a Pund:
Abeit it be skant,
Nae Wowars sall want,
That to my bidding will be bund,
Weil may they bruik it,
They neid not luke it,
But grape it Mirkfyns be the Grund.

VIII.

Our Court Men heir,
Has made my Claith deir,
Raifd it Twall-penies of ilka Ell,
Zit is my Claith fure,
Best Sadles to cure,
Suppose the hale Session shoud ryd themself:
The *Violet* certain,
Was maid at *Dumbartain*;
The *Roid* was wawkit at *Dunkell*:
The *Quhyt* has bein dicht
In mony mirk Nicht,
But Tyme and Place I cannot weil tell.

IX. Now

IX.

Now gif ye work wyke,
And shape it precyflie;
The Ellwand * * *
Gif the Bys be wyde,
Gar lay it on Syde;
And fae ze cannot weil gae wrang;
And for the lang Lift,
It wald be sewd fast,
And care not by how deip ze gang;
But want ze quhyt Threid,
Ye will not cum speid,
Black Waluway maun be zour Sang.

X.

AND tho it be auld,
And Twenty Tymes fald,
Zit will the Freprie ot mak ze fain,
With Oyls to renew it,
And mak it weil hewt,
And gar it glans lyk Silk in Grain;

184. *On K. James V. his Mistresses.*

The *Violet* was baith gude and fair;

Keip *Reid* frae all *Skaith*.

Scho is wordie them baith;

Sae to be short I say nae mair.

Quod SIMPLE.



*On King JAMES V. his three
Mistresses.*

S Aw not thy Seid on *Sandylands*,
Spend not thy Strength on *Weir*,

And ryd not on the *Oliphant*

For hurting of thy Geir.



THE



T H E
L R O N and the M O U S.

I.

IN Midst of *June*, that jolly Season sweet,
Quhen *Phebus* fair, with his warm Beams fac
bricht

Had dryit frae Dale and Dawn the dewy Weit,
And all the Land made with his leiming Licht,
In a gay Morn, berwixt Mid-day and Nicht,
I raise and put all Slouth and Sleip` on Syde,
And went allone untill a Forrest wyde.

II.

SWEET was the Smell of Flowirs, blae, quhyt and reid,
The Noyse of Birds was maist melodious,
The bobing Bews bluin'd braid abune my Heid,
The Ground growand with Grass maist verderous,
Of all Pleisance that Place was plenteous,
With sweet Odour and Birds fast Hermonic,
The Morning myld increas'd the Mirth and Glee.

III. THE

III.

THE Roses reid arrayt the Rone and Rys,

The Primrose and the Purpure Violae;

To heir it was a Poynt of Paradyce,

Sic Mirth the Mavis and the Merle couth mac;

The Blofoms blyth brak up on Bank and Brae,

The Smell of Herbs, and the Wing-minstrell Cry,

Contending quha fould haif the Victory.

IV.

ME to conserve frae the Suns birning Heit,

Undir the Schadow of an Awthorn-grene,

I leant me doun amangs the Flowirs sweit,

Syn made a Cross, and closed baith myne Een;

On Sleip I fell amang the Bewis bein,

And in my Dream methocht came throw the Schaw

The fairest Man that eir before I saw.

V.

HIS Goun was of a Claith as quhyte as Milk,

His Chymers wer of Chamelet Purpure broun;

His Hude of Scarlet, borderit round with Silk

In hekle Ways, untill his Girdle doun;

Of the auld Fassoun was his Bonnat roun,

His Heid was quhyt, his Een was grene and gray,

With lokar Hair, quhilk owre his Shulder lay.

VI. A

VI.

A Row of Paper in his Hand he bair,
A Swans quhyt Pen stickand beneth his Eir,
Ane Inkhorn with a pretty gilt Pettinait,
A Bag of Silk, all at his Belt he weir;
Thus was he gudely grathit in his Geir,
Of Stature large, and with a feirfull Face,
To quher I lay he came with sturdy Pace.

VII.

AND sayd, God-speid, my Son, and I was fain
Of that couth Word, and of his Company;
With Reverence I saluter him again,

Welcome Fader, and he sat down by me;
Displeis zou not, my gude Master, tho I
Demand zour Birth, zour Facultie and Name,
Qubair brings ze hieir, and quher ze dwell at hame?

VIII.

Mr Son, he sayd, I am of gentle Blude,
My natall Land is *Rome*, withouten nay,
And in that Toun first to the Schulis I zied,
And studyt Sciens ther full mony a Day,
And now my winning is in Heaven for ays;
Esope I heicht my Wrying and my Wark,
Is couth and kend to many a cunnand Clark.

IX.

O Maister *Esope*, Poet and Laureat,

God wate ze are full deir welcome to me;

Are ze not he that all thir Fables wrat,

Quhilk in Effect, altho they fenziēt be,

Are full of Prudence and Moraliē:

Fair Son, he sayd, I am the samyne Man;

My flichterand Heart I wate grew mirry than.

X.

ESOPÉ, said I, my Maister venerable,

I heartilie zou beſeik, for Cheritie,

Ze wald dedene to tell a pritty Fable,

Concludand with a gude Moraliē;

Schekand his Heid, he sayd, My Son let be;

For quhat iſt worth to tell a fenziēt Tale,

Quhen hale Preiching may naithing now avail?

XI.

Now in this Warld methinks richt few or nane

To haly Scripture has the leiſt Regaird;

The Eir is deiſ, the Hairt is hard as Stane,

They nevir mynd Punition or Rewaird,

Thair Lukes inclynand allways to the Hard;

Sae rouſtet is the Warld with Canker black,

That all my Tales may little Succour mak.

The Lyon and the Mous.

189

XII.

ZIT gentle Sr, sayd I, for my Requiest,
Not to displeis zour Fatherheid I pray,
Undir the Figure of sum brutal Beist,
A moral Fable ze wald grant to fay;
Quha kens nor I may leir and beir away
Sumthing therby, heraftir may avail;
I grant, quoth he, and thus began his Tale.

XIII.

A Lyon at his Prey weiry forrun,
To recreate his Limbs and tak his Rest,
Beikand his Breist and Bellie at the Sun,
Undir a Tree lay in the fair Forest;
Then came a Trip of Myce out of thair Nest
Richt tait and trig, all danfand in a Gyfs,
And owre the Lyon lanfit twyfs or thryfs.

XIV.

He lay sae still, the Myce was not affeird,
But to and frae atowre him tuke thair Trace;
Sum tirlt at the Whiskers of his Beird,
Sum did not spare to claw him on the Face:
Merry and glade thus danfit they a Space,
Till at the last the nobil Lyon wouk,
And with his Paw the Maister Mous he tuke.

XV. H₂

XV.

HE gaif a Cry, and all the laif agast,
 Their Danfing left, and hid them heir and thair;
 He that was tane cryit out and weipit fast,
 And sayd, Allace for now and evermair!
 Now am I tane a wofull Prisoner,
 And for my Gilt believes incontinent
 Jugement to thole, and unto Death be sent.

XVI.

THEN spak the Lyon to that carefull Mous,
 Thou caryve Wretch, and vyle unworthy Thing,
 Owre malapert and owre presumptuous,
 Thou was to mak atowre me thy Tripping;
 Know thou not weil I was baith Lord and King
 Of all the Beists? — This (quod the Mous) I know,
 But I misknew; becaufe ze lay sae law.

XVII.

LORD, I besiek thy Princely Ryaltie,
 Heir quhat I say, and tak in Patience;
 Consider first my simple Povertie,
 And syne thy mighty high Magnificence;
 Se als how Things that is done by Negligence,
 Not frae malicious Thocht, or ill desynd,
 Sould gain Remission frae a Kingly Mynd.

XVIII. WITH

XVIII.

With gret Aboundance we wer all replet
Of alkynd Fude, sic as to us affeird,
And us to dans, provokit the Season swoit,
And mak sic Mirth as Nature to us laird;
Ze lay fac still and law upon the Eard,
That be my Saul we weind ze had bein deid,
Ells wald we not haif dansit owre zour Heid.

XIX.

Thy false Excuse, the Lyon sayd again,
Sall not avail a Myt, I undertae;
I put the Case, had I bene deid or slain,
And syne my Skin bene stapit full of Strae;
Thocht thou had found my Figure lyand sae,
Because it bare the Prent of my Persoun,
Thou sould for Dreid on Kneis haif falen doun.

XX.

Now for thy Cryme thou can mak nae Defence,
My Ryal Person thus to vylipend,
Nowther by Foris nor thyne oun Negligence,
For till Excuse thou can nae Cause prettend;
Therefore thou suffer fall a schamefull End,
And Deid, sic as to Treffon is decreit,
To be hung on a Gallows be the Fict.

192 *The Lyon and the Mous.*

XXI.

O Mercy, Lord! at thy Gentrice I as,
 As thou art King of all Beists coronat,
 Sobir thy Wrath, and let thyn Yre owrepas,
 And mak thy Mynd to Mercy inclynat;
 I grant Offens is done to thy Estate,
 Therefore I wirdy am to suffir Deid,
 But gif thy Kingly Mercy reik Remeid.

XXII.

IN evry Juge Mercy and Rewth suld be,
 As Assessors and collaterall;
 Without Mercy, Justice is Crewelltie,
 As said is in the Law spirituall:
 When Rigour fits upon the hygh Tribunall,
 The Equitie of Law quha may sustain?
 Richt few or nane bot Mercy gae between.

XXIII.

BESYDS ze knaw the Honour Triumphs zeild
 To every Victor, on the Strength depends
 Of his Compeir, quhilk manly in the Feild,
 Throw Jepordy of Arms he lang deffends;
 Quhat Pryce or Lowding, quhen the Battle ends,
 Is sayd of him that overcomes a Man;
 Him to deffend that nowther dow nor can.

XXIV. A

XXIV.

A Thousand Myce to murder and devour,
Is litle Manheid in a Lyon strang;
Full litle Worship can ze win thairfore;
To quhose vast Strenth is nae Compareson:
It will degrad sum Part of zour Renown
To slay a Mous that can mak nae Deffence,
But askand Mercy at zour Excellence.

XXV.

Aiso it not becomes zour Celstitude,
That uses daylie Meit delicious,
To fyle zour Lipps or Grinders with my Blude,
Quhilk to zour Stomak is contagious;
Unhalefom Melteth is a fairy Mous,
And namely to a nobil Lyon strang;
Wont to be fed with gentil Venifon.

XXVI.

My Lyfe is litle, and my Deid far less;
Zit, gif I live, I may peraventure
Supplie zour Highnes being in Distress:

For aft is fene a Man of small Stature
Reskewed has a Lord of hygh Honnour,
Kept that has bene in Poynt to be owre-thrawn,
Throu Fortunes Falt; sic Case me be zour awn.

194 *The Lyon and the Mous.*

XXVII.

QUHEN this was sayd, the generous Lyon pauit,
 And thocht this arguing did not Reason want;
 His Yre affwageit, and his kynd Mercy causit
 Him to the Mous a full Remission grant,
 Opent his Paw; He on his Knies down bene,
 And baith his Hands unto the Heaven upheid,
 Cryand, Almichty *Jove* give zou lang Eild.

XXVIII.

QUHEN he was gane, the Lyon zeid to Hunt,
 For he had nocht, but livd upon his Prey,
 And slew baith tame and wyld, as he was wont;
 And in the Countrie made a grit Dera;,
 Till at the last the People fand the Way
 This crewell Lyon with a Girn to tak,
 Of hempin Cords richt strang Nets coud they mak.

XXIX.

AND in a Road quhair he was wont to rin,
 With Raips rude frae Trie to Trie it band,
 Syne custe a Raing on Raw the Wod within,
 With Blafts of Horns and Cauts fast cauld;
 The Lyon fled, and throu the Rone runand
 Fell in the Net, and hankit Fute and Hedd,
 For all his Strenth he coud mak nae Remeid.

XXX. ROLAND

The Lyon and the Mous. 195

XXX.

ROLAND about with hydicus Rowmiffing,

Quhyles to quhyles frae, gif he micht Succor get;
But all in vain, that velzie him naething,

The mair he flang, the faster he was knit :

The Raips rude about him fae was plet
On every Syde, that Succor saw he nane,
But still lyand, thus murnand maid his Mane.

XXXI.

O fair lameit Lyon, liggand heir fae law,

Quhair is the Micht of thy Magnificence,
Of quhom all brutal Beift in Eard stand Aw,
And dreid to luke on thy gret Excellence;

Bot Hope or Help, bot Succor or Defence,
In strang Hemp-bands heir maun I ly, allace!
Till I be flain, I fe nae uther Grace.

XXXII.

THEE is nae Joy that will my Harms wraik,

Nor Creature to do Comfort to my Crown,
Quha fall me bute? Quha fall thir Bands brek?

Quha fall me put frae Pain of this Prifon?
Be that he had his Lamentation done,
Perchance the lile pardond Mous came neir,
And of the Lyon hard the pityous Beir.

196 *The Lyon and the Mous.*

XXXIII.

AND suddainly it came intill his Mynd

That it suld be the Lyon did him Grace,

And sayd, Now wer I fals and richt unkynd,

Bot gif I quit sum Part thy Gentilnes

Thou did to me, — and on with that he gae

To all his Maiks, and on them fast did cry,

Cum help, cum help, and they came all on hy.

XXXIV.

Lo, quoth the Mous, this is our Ryal Lord,

Quha gaif me Grace quhen I was by him tane;

And now is fast heir fanklet in a Cord,

Wrekand his Hurt with Murning fair and Mane;

Bot we him help, of Suplie kens he nane;

Cum help to quyt one gude Turn with annither,

Sae be it, cryd all; syn fell to Wark togither.

XXXV.

THEY tuke nae Knyf, thair Teith wer sherp enewgh;

To se that Sicht forsuith it was grit Wonder,

How that they ran amang the Halters tewgh,

Before, behind, sum zeid abune, sum under,

And schure the Raips with the maist eils in Sunder;

Syne bad him ryse, — and he start up annone,

And thankit them; syn to the Beht is gane.

XXXVI. Now

The Moralitie.

197

XXXVI.

Now dois the Lyon frie of Danger skour,
Lowfe, and delivert till his Libertie,
By litle Animals of smallest Power,
As ze haif hard, because he had Pitie:
Quoth I, Maister, is ther Moralitie
Into this Fable, — Son, sayd he, *richt gude*;
I pray zou gieft, quoth I, or ze conclude.

The MORALITIE.

XXXVII.

WE may suppose this Lyon of Renoun
May signifie ane Emperour or King,
Or ony Poteftate that weirs a Croun,
That fould be wakryfe in his governing,
But of his Peple takis flicht noticeing,
To rule and fteir the Land, and Justice keip,
But lazy lyes in luftie Slouth and Sleip,

XXXVIII.

THE Forest fair with Bloffoms lown and lie,
The fingand Birds and Flowirs fae ferly sweet,
Ar but this Warld, and his Prosperitie,
As Pleifands fals mingillit with Care repleit,
Richt, as the Rose with Froft and Winter weir,
Wallous

Wallous; ſae dois the Warld and them deſaif
That Confidence in luſty Pleaſures haif.

XXXIX.

THIR litle Myce ar Comonalitie,

Wanton, unwyſt, without Corection due;
Sic Lords and Princes, quhen they chaſts to ſe
That execute, the richteous Laws on few,
They dreid naithing, but with rebellious Brow
Dar diſobey; for quhy? they ſtand nae Aw,
That maks them aſt their Soverains to miſknaw.

XL.

AND be this Fable, Lords of prudent Sence
Conſidder may the Virtue of Pite,
And ſuld remit ſumtyme a grit Offence,
And Mercy mitigate with Crueltie;
Aftymes is ſene a Man of ſmall Degree
Has quit a Common baith for Gude and Ill,
As Lords has Rigour done, or Grae him till.

XLI.

QUHA wates how ſune a Lord of grit Renoun,
Rowand in warldly Luſt and vain Pleiſance,
May be owrthrawin, diſtroyed, or put down
Throu Fortune fals, that of all Variance
Is hale Miſtres, and Leader of the Dance

To lusty Men, and binds them up sae foir,
That they nae Perell can provyde befor.

XLII.

THIS crewell Men that stentit has the Net
In quhilk the Lyon suddenlie was tane,
Waited allway that they a Mendis might get;
For Hurt, Men wryts with Steil in Marble-stane,
Mair till expone, as now, I let alane:
But King and Lord may weil wate what I mein,
The Figure hereof astymes has bein sene.

XLIII.

QUHEN this was sayd, quoth *Esope*, My fair Chyld,
Persuade the Kirkmen cydentlie to pray,
That Treason off this Countrie be exyld,
That Justice ring, and Nobles keip thair Fay
Unto thair Soverain Lord baith Nicht and Day:
And with that Word he vaneist, and I woke,
Sync throu the Schaw my Journey hamewart tuke.

Quod Mr. RO. HENRYSON.



T H E

T O D and the L A M B,

O R,

*Follows the Wowing of the King when
he was at Dumfermeling.*

I.

THIS hinder Nicht in *Dumfermeling*,

To me was tald a wonder Thing,

That late a Tod was with a Lamb,

And with hir playd, and made gude Game;

Syne to his Breift did hir imbrace,

And wald haif ridden hir lyk a Ram,

And that methocht a ferly Case.

II.

HE braift hir bonny Bodie sweit,

And halft hir with his forder Feit,

Syne schuke his Tail with Whindge and Zelp;

And todlit with hir lyke a Quhelp,

Then lourit on growf, and asked Grace;

And ay the Lamb cryd, Lady help,

And that methocht a ferly Case.

III. T H E

The Tod and the Lamb.

291

III.

THE Tod was nowthir lein nor scowry,
He was a lusty reid-haird Lowry,
Ane lang tairld Beist and grit withall;
The silly Lamb was all to small,
With sic a Tribble to hald a Base:
Scho fled him not, fair mot her fall,
And that methocht a ferly Case.

IV.

THE Tod was reid, the Lamb was quhyte,
Scho was a Morfell of Delyte;
He luvit nae Ews auld teuch and Sklender,
Because this Lamb was zung and tender.
He ran upon her with a Race,
And scho schup nevir to defend hir,
And this methocht a ferly Case.

V.

HE gripit her about the Waist,
And handilt her as gif in Haste;
This Inocent that neir trespass,
Tuke Heart that scho was handilt fast,
And lute him kifs her lusty Face:
His girnand Gams hir nocht agast,
And that methocht a ferly Case.

V.L. Hs

202 *The Tod and the Lamb.*

VI.

HE held hir till him be the Hals,
And spake full fair tho' he was fals;
Synce said and swore to hir in Mode,
That he suld not twitch hir Prein-cod.

The silly Thing trow'd him, aface!
The Lamb gaif Creddance to the Tod,
And that methocht a ferly Case.

VII.

I will nae Lessings put in Verse,
Lyke as sum Janglers do seherse;
But be quhat Manner they wer mard,
Quhen Licht was out and Dore were bard:

I wate not gif he gaif hir Grace;
But Winnocks all were stappit hard,
And that methocht a ferly Case.

VIII.

QUHEN Folk do sleit in Joy maist far,
Thair fune cums Wae or they be War,
Quhen carpand wer thir twa maist crouse,
The Wolf he umbeset the House,

Upon the Tod to make a Chace:
The Lamb scho cheipit lyke a Mouse,
And that methocht a ferly Case.

IX. THROU

The Tod and the Lamb.

203

IX.

~~T~~arrow hythons Howling of the Wowf,
This wylie Tod plait down on Growf;
And in the filly wie Lambs Skin,
He crap as far as he micht win,
And hid him thair a gay lang Space;
The Ews besyde they made nae Din,
And that methocht a ferly Case.

X.

Q U H E N of the Tod was heerd nae Peip,
The Wowf wont all had bene asscip;
And quhyle the Tod had striken Ten,
The Wowf he drest him to his Den,
Prottestand for the second Place:
And this Report I with my Pen,
How at *Dumfermling* fell the Case.

Quad DRUNGAR.



On



On anes being his own Enemy.

I.

HE that has Gold and Riches great,
 And may live at a merry Rate;
 And Gladness dois frae him expell,
 And lives into a wretched State;
 He worketh Sorrow to himsell.

II.

HE that may be bot Stult and Stryf,
 And live a lusty lightfome Lyfe,
 And syne with Marriage dois him mell,
 And buckles with a wicked Wyfe,
 He worketh Sorrow to himsell.

III.

HE that has for his awin Genzie
 A pleisand Prop bot Mank or Menzie,
 And shutes syne at an uncow Schell,
 And is forfain with Fleis of Spenzie,
 He worketh Sorrow to himsell.

IV. AND

On anes being his own Enemy. 205

IV.

AND he that with gude Life and Treuth;
Bot Variance or other Slewth,
Dois evir with a Master dwell,
That nevir of him will have Rewth,
He worketh Sorrow to himself.

V.

NOW all this Time let us be merry,
And set not by this Warld a Cherry,
Now quhyle thair is gude Wyne to sell;
The Cheil that dois on dry Breid wirry,
I give them to the Devil of Hell.

Quod DUNBAR.



The



*The Benifite of them who have Ladies
 wha can be gade Soliciters at Court.*

I.

THIR Ladys fair, that mak Repair,
 And at the Court are kend,
 In three Days thair, they will do mair,
 Anc Matter for till end,
 Than ther Gude-men will do in Ten;
 For any Craft they can,
 Sae weil they ken, what Time and quhen;
 Thair Manes they suld mak than.

II.

WITH little Noy they can convoy
 A Matter finally,
 Richt myld and Moy, and keip it coy;
 On Evens sae quietly;
 They do no mis, but gif they kifs,
 And keip Colation,
Quhat Reck of this, thair Matter is
 Brocht to Conclusion.

III. THEN

The Benefite of, &c.

207

III.

THEM wit ye weil, they haif grit Feil,

And Mater to solist,

Trest as the Steil, syne neir a Deil,

Quhen they come hame are mist.

Thir Lairds they are, methink richt far,

Sic Wyves behalden to,

That sae weil dar gae to the Bar,

Quhen there is ocht to do.

IV.

THEREFORE I reid, gif ze haif Pleid,

Or Matter in the Play,

To mak Remeid, fend in zour Seid

Zour Ladys graitht up gay;

They can deffend, even to the End,

And Matters forth exprefs;

Suppose they spend, it is unkend,

Thair Geir is nocht the less.

V.

IN quiet Place, gin they have Space,

Within less than twa Hours,

They can percase, purchase sum Grace,

At the Compositous;

Thair

Thair Composition with full Remission,
 Thair finally is endit,
 With Expedition, and full Condition,
 Thair Seals then are to pendit.

VI.

All hale almost they make the Cost,
 With sober Recompence,
 Richt litle lost, they get indorst,
 All hale their Evidence,
 Sic Ladys wyfe, they are to pryze;
 To say the Verity,
 Sae can devyse, and not surpriyze
 Thame nor thair Honesty.

Quod DUNBAR.*Annithet*



*Another of the famen Cast,
Pend be the Poet wrote the last.*

I.

TH^E Use of Court richt weil I knaw,
Ladyis Soliceters of the Law;
At hame remain the silly Lairds,
And send thair Wyves behind the Yards,
Well stuf with Money and Rewards,
To furdur thair Errands frae Nicht faw.

II.

IN Clouks they cum full braw quhyte cled,
And rouns to have thair Matter sped;
They give nae Budds,
But on thair Fudds
They get grit Skuds,
In nakit Bed.

III. BUT

210 *Another of the samin, &c.*

III.

BUT neirtheless the Laird maun fyn,

For all hir Miens, a Tun of Wyne:

His Wyfe cums hame thus fynely ufd,

But zit he maun hald hir excusd;

And finaly the Folks that doist

Denys and laughs at them baith syne.

IV.

THE Laird murns quhen he may not stend it,

His Lady jaipit his Siller spend it,

And all his Labour turnd in vain;

But ay the Lady says full plain,

That scho maun to the Court again,

Or els the Plea will not be endit.

V.

HIR Buckler bord, and backward born,

And all hir Cause is quite forlorn;

Up gets hir Wame,

Scho thinks nae Schame

Syne to bring hame

The Laird a Horn.

T H E



THE VISION.

*Compylit in Latin be a most lernit Clerk *
in Tyme of our Hairship and Oppression;
anno 1300, and translatit in 1524.*

I.

B EDOWN the Benches of Banquo Brac
Milane I wandert waif and wae,
Musand our main Mischaunce;
How be thay Faes we ar undone,
That staw the *sacred* † *Stane* frae *Scône*,
And leid's us sic a Daunce:

O 2

Quhyle

* The History of the Scots Sufferings, by the unworthy Condescension of *Balliol* to *Edward I.* of *England*, till they recovered their Independence by the Conduct and Valour of the Great *Bruce*, is so universally known, that any Argument to this antique Poem seems useless.

† The old Chair (now in *Westminster Abbey*) in which the Scots Kings were always crown'd, wherein there is a Piece of Marble with this Inscription;

*Ni fallat satum, SCOTI, quocunque locatum
Indubitan lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.*

Quhyle *Inglonds Edert* tak our Tours,

And *Scotland* ferst obeys,

Rude *Ruffians* ranfakk *Ryal Bours*,

And *Baliol* Homage pays;

Throch *Freidom* our *Freidom*

Is blotit with this Skore,

Quhat *Romans* or no *Mans*

Pith culd eir do befor.

II.

THE Air grew ruch with bousteous Thuds,

Bauld *Boreas* branglit outhrow the Cluds,

Maist lyke a drunken Wicht;

The Thunder crakt, and Flauchts did rist

Frac the blak Vissart of the Lift :

The Forrest schuke with Fricht;

Nae Birds abune thair Wing extenn,

They ducht not byde the Blast,

Ilk Beist bedeen bangd to thair Den,

Untill the Storm was past :

Ilk Creature in Nature

That had a Spunk of Sence,

In Neid then, with Speid then,

Meihocht cryt, In Defence.

III.

To se a Morn in *May* sae ill,
I deint Dâme Nature was gane will,
 To rair with rackles Reil;
Quhairfor to put me out of Pain,
And skonce my Skap and Shanks frae Rain,
 I bure me to a Beil,
Up ane hich Craig that lundgit alaf,
 Out owre a canny Cave,
A curious Cruif of Natures Craft,
 Quhilk to me Schelter gais;
 Ther vexit, perplexit,
 I leint me doun to weip,
 In bries ther, with Grief ther
 I dottard owre on Sleip,

IV.

HEIR *Somnus* in his silent Hand
Held all my Sences at Command,
 Quhyle I forzet my Cair;
The myldest Meid of mortall Wichts
Quha pafs in Reace the private Nichts,
 That wauking finds it rare;

Sae in fast Slumbers did I ly,

But not my wakryft Mynd,

Quhilk still stude Watch, and couth espy

A Man with Aspek kynd,

Richt auld lyke and bauld lyke,

With Baird thre Quarters skant,

Sae braif lyke and graif lyke,

He seemt to be a Sanct.

V.

GAIR Darring dartit frae his Ee,

A Braid-sword schogled at his Thie,

On his left Arm a Targe;

A shynand Speir filld his right Hand,

Of stalwart Mak, in Bane and Brawnd,

Of just Proportions, large;

A various Rain-bow colourt Plaid

Owre his left Spaul he threw,

Doun his braid Back, frae his quhyt Heid,

The Silver Wymplers grew;

Amaist, I gaisit

To se, led at Command,

A strampant and rampant

Feris Lyon in his Hand.

VI. QUHILK

VI.

QUHILK held a Thistle in his Paw,
And round his Collar graift I saw

This Poetic pat and plain,

Nemo me impune lacess-

-Et: — In Scots, Nane sall oppress

Me, unpunisht with Pain;

Still schaking, I durst naithing say,

Till he with kynd Accent

Sayd, Fere let nocht thy Hairt affray,

I cum to hier thy Plaint;

Thy graining and maining

Haith laillie reikd myne Eir,

Debar then affar then

All Eiryness or Feir,

VII.

FOR I am ane of a hie Station,

The Warden of this auncient Nation,

And can nocht do the Wrang;

I vissyt him then round about,

Sync with a Resolution stout,

Speird, Quhair he had bene fac lang?

Quod he, Althocht I sum forfuke,

Becauf they did me flicht,

To Hills and Glens I me betuke,

To them that luvcs my Richt;

Quhase Mynds zet inclyndz zet

To damm the rappid Spate,

Devyfing and prying

Freidom at ony Ratg.

VIII.

OUR Trechour Peirs thair Tyranns treit,

Quha jyb them, and thair Substance eit,

And on thair Honour strämp;

They, pure degenerate! bend thair Baks,

The Victor, *Langshanks*, proudly cracks

He has blawn out our Lamp!

Quhyle trew Men, fair complainand, tell,

With Sobs, thair filent Greif,

How *Baliol* thair Richts did fell,

With small Howp of Relcife;

Regretand and fretand

Ay at his curfit Plot,

Quha rammed and cramped

That Bargin down thair Throt.

The Vision.

217

IX.

BRAID Gentrie sweir, and Burgers ban,
Revenge is mittert be ilk Clan

Thats to their Nation trew;

The Cloysters cum to cun the Evil,
Mailpayers wis it to the Devil,

With its contryving Crew:

The Hardy wald with hairty Wills,
Upon dyre Vengance fall;

The feckles, fret owre Heuchs and Hills,

And Eccho Answers all,

Repetand and greitand,

With mony a fair Alace,

For Blasting and Casting

Our Honour in Disgrace.

X.

WAES me! quod I, our Case is bad,
And mony of us are gane-mad,

Sen this disgraceful Faction.

We are felld and herryt now by Forſe;
And hardly Help fort, thats zit warſe,

We are ſae forſairn with Faction.

Then

Then has not he gude Cause to grumble,
 That's fust to be a Slair;
 Oppression dois the Judgments Jumble
 And gars a wyse Man raif.
 May Cheins then, and Pains then
 Infernal be thair Hyre
 Quha dang us, and slang us
 Into this ugsum Myre.

XI.

THEN he with bauld forbidding Luke,
 And staidly Air did me rebuke,
 For being of Sprite fac mein:
 Said he its far beneath a SCOT
 To use weak Curses quhen his Lot
 May sumtymes sour his Splein,
 He rather sould mair lyke a Man,
 Some braif Design attempt;
 Gif its nocht in his Pith, what than,
 Rest but a Quhyle content,
 Nocht feirful, but cheirful,
 And wait the Will of Fate,
 Which mynds to desygns to
 Renew zour auntient State.

XII.

I ken sum mair than ze do all
Of quhat fall efterwart befall,
In mair auspicious Tymes;
For aften far abuse the Mune,
We watching Beings do convene,
Frae round Eards outmost Climes,
Quhair evry Warden represents
Cleirly his Nations Case,
Gif Famyne, Pest, or Sword Torments,
Or Vilains hie in Place,
Quha keip ay, and heip ay
Up to themselves grit Store,
By rundging and spunging
The leil laborious Pure.

XIII.

SAY then, said I, at zour hie Sate,
Lernt ze ocht of auld *Scotland's* Fate.
Gif eir schoil be her sell;
With Smyle Celest, quod he, I can,
But its nocht fit an mortal Man
Sould ken all I can tell:

But

The Vision.

But Part to the I may unfold,
 And thou may faifly ken,
 Quhen *Scottish* Peirs flicht *Saxon* Gold,
 And turn trew heartit Men;
 Quhen Knaivry and Slaivrie,
 Ar equally difpyfd,
 And Loyalte and Royalte,
 Univerfalie are pryfd.

XIV.

QUHEN all zour Trade is at a Stand,
 And Cunzie elene forfaike the Land,
 Quhilk will be very fure,
 Will Preifts without their Stypands preich;
 For nocht will Lawyers Caufes Streich;
 Faith thatis nae eafy done.
 All this and mair maun cum to pafs,
 To cleir zour glamourit Sicht;
 And *Scotland* maun be made an Afs.
 To fet her Jugment richt,
 Theyil jade hir and blad hir,
 Untill fcho brak hir Tether,
 Thoçht auld fchois zit bauld fchois,
 And teuch lyke barkit Lether.

The Vision.

221

XV.

Bu r mony a Corfs fall braithless ly,
And Wae fall mony a Widow cry,
Or all rin richt again ;
Owre *Cheviot* prancing proudly *North*,
The Facs fall tak the Feild neir *Forthe*,
And think the Day their ain:
But Burns that Day fall rin with Blude
Of them that now opprefs ;
Thair Carcasses be *Corbys* Fude,
By thousands on the Grefs.
A King then fall ring then,
Of wyse Renoun and braif,
Quhase Pufians and Sapiens,
Sall Richt restoir and saif.

XVI.

THE View of Freidomis sweit, quod I,
O say, grit Tennant of the Skye,
How neiris that happie Tyme.
We ken Things but be Circumstans,
Nae mair, quod he, I may advance,
Leist I commit a Cryme.

Quhae

224.

The Vision.

Quhat cir ze pleis, gae on, quod I,

I fall not fash ze moir,

Say how, and quhair ze met, and quhy,

As ze did hint befoir.

With Air then fac fair thou,

That glanst like Rayis of Gloty;

Sac Godlyk and oddlyk

He thus resumit his Storie:

XVII.

FRAN the Suns Ryfing to his Sett,

All the pryme Rait of Wardens met,

In solemn bricht Array,

With Vehicles of *Aisber* cleir,

Sic we put on quhen we appeir

To Saufs rowit up in Clay;

Thair in a wyde and splendit Hall,

Reird up with thynand Beims,

Quhais Rufe-treis wer of Rainbows all,

And paist with starrie Gleims,

Quhilk prinked and twinkled

Brichtly beyont Compair,

Much famed and named

A Castill in the Air.

XVIII. I.

The Vision.

223

XVIII.

In midst of quhilk a Tabill stude,
A spacious Oval reid as Blude,
 Made of a Fyre-Flauchit,
Attound the dazeling Walls were drawn,
With Rays be a celestial Hand,
 Full mony a curious Draucht.
Inferiour Beings flew in Haist,
 Without Gyd or Defectour,
Millions of Myles throch the wyld Waste,
 To bring in Bowlis of Nectar:
 Then roundly and soundly
 We drank lyk *Roman* Gods;
 Quhen *Jove* fac dois rove fac,
 That *Mars* and *Bacchus* nods.

XIX.

Quhen *Phobus* Heid turns licht as Cork,
And *Neptune* leans upon his Fork,
 And limpand *Vulcan* blethers:
Quhen *Pluto* glowrs as he were wyld,
And *Cupid* luvcs we wingit Chyld,
 Fals down and fyls his Ferbers.

Quhen

Quhen *Pas* forzets to tune his Reid,

And flings it cairless bye,

And *Hermes* wingd at Heils and Heid;

Can nowther stand nor lye:

Quhen staggirand and swagirrand,

They stoyter Hame to sleip,

Quhyle Centeries at Enteries

Imortal Watches keip.

XX.

Thus we tuke in the high browin Liqueur,

And bangd about the Nectar Biquour;

But evir with his Ods:

We neir in Drink our Judgments drensche,

Nor scour about to seek a Wensch

Lyk these auld baudy Gods;

But franklie at ilk uther ask,

Quhats proper we suld know,

How ilk ane hes performt the Task,

Affignd to him below.

Our Minds then sae kind then,

Are fixt upon our Care,

Ay noting and ploting

Quhat tends to thair Weilsair.

XXI.

Gothus and *Vandall* baith lukt bluff,
Quhyle Gallus sneerd and tuke a Snuff,
 Quhilk made *Allmane* to stare;
Latinus bad him naithing feir,
But lend his Hand to haly Weir,
 And of cowl Crouns tak Care;
Batavius with his Paddock-Face
 Luking afquint, cryd, *Pifch*,
Zour Monks ar void of Sence or Grace,
 I had leur ficht for *Fifch*;
 Zour Schule-men ar *Fule-men*,
 Carvit out for dull Debates,
 Decoying and destroying
 Baith Monarchies and States.

XXII.

Iberius with a gurlie Nod
Cryd, *Hogan*, zes we ken zour God,
 Its Herrings ze adore;
Heptarchus, as he usd to be,
Can nocht with his ain Thochts agre,
 But varies bak and fore;

Ane quhyle he says, It is not richt

A Monarch to resist,

Neist Braith all Ryall Powir will slicht,

And passive Homage jest;

He hitches and fitches

Between the *Hic* and *Hoc*,

Ay jieand and fieand

Round lyk a Wedder-cock.

XXIII.

I still support my Precedens

Abune them all, for Sword and Sens.

Thocht I haif layn richt now lown,

Quhyle was, becaus I bure a Grudge

At sum fule *Scotis*, quha lykd to drudge

To Princes no thair awin;

Sum Thanis thair Tennants pykit and squeist,

And pursit up all thair Rent,

Syne wallopit to far Courts, and bleist,

Till Riggs and Schaws war spent;

Syne byndging and whyndging,

Quhen thus redusit to Howps,

They dander and wander

About pure Lickmadowps.

XXIV. But

XXIV.

BUT now its Tyme for me to draw
My thynand Sword against Club-Law,

And gar my Lyon roir;
He fall or lang gie sic a Sound,
The Ecchoe fall be hard arround

Europe, frae Schore to Schore;
Then lat them gadder all thair Strenth,
And stryve to wirk my Fall,
Tho numerous, zit at the lenth

I will owrecum them all,
And raise zit and blasé zit
My Braifrie and Renown,
By gracing and placing
Arright the *Scottis* Crown.

XXV.

QUHEN my braif BRUCE the same fall weir
Upon his Ryal Heid, full cleir
The Diadem will shyne;

Then fall zour fair Oppression ceis,
His Intrest zours he will not fleice,
Or leif zou eir inclyne:

Thocht Millions to his Purse be lent,

Zell neir the puirer be,

But rather richer, quhyle its spent

Within the *Scottish* Se :

The Field then fall zeild then

To honest Husbands Welth,

Gude Laws then fall cause then

A sickly State haif Helth.

XXVI.

QUHYLE thus he talkit, methocht ther came

A wondir fair Etherial Dame,

And to our Warden sayd,

Grit *Callidon* I cum in Serch

Of zou, frae the hych starry Arch,

The Counsell wants zour Ayds

Frae every Quarter of the Sky,

As swift as Quhirl-wynd,

With Spirits speid the Chiftains hy,

Sum grit Thing is defygnd

Owre Muntains be Funtains,

And round ilk fairy Ring,

I haif chaist ze, O haist ze,

They talk about zour King.

XXVII. WITH

XXVII.

WITH that my Hand methocht he schuke,
And wischt I Happyness nicht bruke,
To cild be Nicht and Day;
Synce quicker than an Arrows Flicht,
He mountit upwards frae my Sicht,
Straicht to the milkie Way;
My Mynd him followit throw the Skyes,
Untill the brynie Streme
For Joy ran trinckling frae myne Eyes,
And wakit me frae Dreame;
Then peiping, half sleiping,
Frac furth my rural Beild,
It cist me and pleisit me
To se and smell the Feild.

XXVIII.

FOR Florain hir cleene Array,
New washen with a Showir of May,
Lukit full sweit and fair;
Quhyle hir cleir Husband frae aboif
Sched down his Rayis of genial Luve,
Hir Sweits perfumt the Air;

The Winds war husht, the Welkin cleird,
 The glumand Clouds war fled,
 And all as laft and gay appeird
 As ane *Elyſion* Sched;
 Quhilk beift and bleift
 My Heart with ſic a Fyre,
 As raifes theſe Praiſes
 That do to Heaven aſpyre.

Quod An. Scer.





*Jok Up-a-lands Complaint against
the Court in the Kings Nonaige.*

I,

NOW is the King in tendir Aige,
 O CHRYST! conserve him in his Eild,
 To do Justice to Man and Page,
 That gars our Land ly lang unteild,
 Thocht we do double pay thair Wage;
 Pure Commons presentlie ar peild.
 They ryde about in sic a Rege,
 Be Firth and Forrest, Muir and Feild,
 With Bow Buckler and Brand,
 Lo quhair they ryde intill the Ry,
 The Deil mot sanc the Company,
 I pray it frae my Heart trewly,
 This said *Jok Up-a-land*,

232 *Jok Up-a-lands Complaint.*

II.

He that was wont to beir the Barrows,
 Betwixt the Bake-hous and the Brew-hous
 On Twenty Shilling now he tarrows,
 To ryd the Heigait by the Plewis;
 But were I King, and haif gude Fallows,
 In *Norreway* they sould heir of Newis,
 I sould him tak, and all his Marrows,
 And hing them hich upon zon Hewis,
 And thairto plichts my Hand.
 And all thir Lordis and Barronis grit,
 Upon an Gallows fuld I knit,
 That this down treddit has our Quhit.
 This said *Jok Up-a-land.*

III.

BUT wald ilk Lord that our Law leids,
 To Husbands Reffone do with Skill,
 To chak thir Chiftains be the Heids,
 And hing them heich upon ane Hill;
 Then Husbands labour micht their Steids,
 And Preists micht pattir and pray their Fill:
 For Husbands sould nocht haif sic Pleids,
 And Scheip and Nolt micht ly full still,
 And Stakis and Rukis micht stand;

For

Jok Up-a-lands Complaint. 233

For sen they raid amang our Dorrs,
With Splent on Spald and jousty Spurs,
Thair grew nae Fruit intill our Furrs:
This said *Jok Up-a-land*.

I V.

Tak a pure Man a Scheip or twae,
For Hüngir or for Falt of Fude,
To five or sax wie Bairns or mae,
They will him hang in Halsters rude,
But gif an tak a Flok or fae,
A Bow of Ky, and lat them blude,
Full saifly may he ryd or gae:
I wait nocht gif thir Laws be gude,
I schrew them first them fand.
O JESU, for thy haly Passioun,
Grant to him Grace that weirs the Crown,
To ding thir mony Kings all doun.
This said *Jok Up-a-land*.

Quod KENNEDY.

THE



T H E

Garment of gude LADYIS.

I.

W AID my gude Lady lufe me best,
 And work aftir my Will,
 I fould a Garment gudlicft,
 Gar mak her Body till.

II.

OF Honour hie fould be her Hude,
 Upon hir Heid to weir,
 Garnift with Governace fae gude,
 Nae demyeng fould hir deir.

III.

HIR Sark fould be, hir Body nixt,
 Of Chafitic fae quhyte,
 With Schame and Dreid togither mixt,
 The fame fould be perfyt.

IV. HIS

IV.

HIR Kirtle of the clene Constance,
Doun laist with lesum Luve;
The Melzies of Continuance,
For nevir to remuve.

V.

HIR Goun sould be of Gudlines,
Weil Riband with Renown,
Purfillt with Plefour in ilk Place,
And furt with fyne Fassoun.

VI.

HIR Belt sould be of Benignitie,
About hir Midil meit,
Hir Mantil of Humilitie,
To tholl baith Wind and Weir.

VII.

HIR Hat sould be of fair Having,
Hir Tipat of the Truth;
Hir Paitlet of ay gude pausing,
Hir Hals Riban of Rewth.

VIII. HIR

236 *The Garment of gude Ladyis.*

VIII.

HIR Sleives sould be of Esperance,
To keip hir frae Dispair;
HIR Gluves of the best Governace,
To hyd hir Fingers fair.

IX.

HIR Shune sould be of Sickerness,
In Time that scho nocht flyd;
HIR Hose of Honesty exprefs,
I sould for hir provyde.

X.

WALD scho put on this Garment gay,
I durst sweir be my Scill,
That scho wore never Grene nor Gray,
That set hir half so weil.

Quod Mr. ROB. HENRYSON.



To



*To the Honour of the Ladyis, and
the Fortification of their Fame.*

I.

JUST to declair the hie Magnificence,
And Bountie grit that in the Ladyis is;
The Wirdyness and Verteus Excelence,
The Laud, the Truth, the Bewtie, and the Bliss,
My Barbir Tung unworthy is I wis;
But nocht the less my Pen I will apply,
To say the Suth, thoch Eloquence I miss,
Of Femenyne the Fame to fortify.

II.

THOCHT Doctors auld Addresses thair Delyt,
To dyt of Ladys Defamation,
Wae worth the Wicht sould set his Appityte,
To reid sic Rolls of Reprobation;
But tittar mak plain Proclamation,
To gather all sic Lybills bissellie,
And in the Fyre mak thair Location,
Of Femenyne the Fame to fortifie.

III. For

238 *To the Honour of the Ladyis.*

III.

FOR quho sae list the Richt trew to reherse,
 To humane Glore they mak Habilitie;
 Quhen Men ar sad at them solace they feris,
 As Habitticles of all Humanity,
 They bring grit Weirs aft to Tranquillitie,
 Malice of Men they meis and pacific,
 To Saul and Body baith Utilitie;
 Therefore all Men thair Fame sould fortifie.

IV.

ALTMOCHT a Man had as much Gudeto spend,
 As all the Empyres of this Globe around;
 Wer Women wanting Weil-fare were at End,
 Without thair Comfort Care sould him confound,
 Quhair they abyde thair Blifs does ay abound,
 And quhair they sic Felicitie gaes by;
 Bot thair Solace nae Sage may be eir found;
 Thairfore all Men thair Fame sould fortifie.

V.

SEN GOD has grantit them sic Gudliness,
 And formid them after sae fyné fassoun,
 Syne put sic bluming Bewtie in thair Face,
 Quhy sould not Men hald them of grit Renown?
 Sen

To the Honour of the Ladyis. 239

SEN GOD has given to them *sae grit* Guerdoun,
And with *sic* Meiknes does them magnifie,
Quhy suld Men mak to them Comparisone,
But owre all quhair thair Fames to fortifie?

VI.

OF *Mary* myld, the Maid immaculate,
To fortifie of Femenyne the Fame,
CHRIST was incarnate and incorporate,
And nurist was nyn Months within hir Wame;
And aftir born, and bocht us frae the Blame
OF *Bellial*, that brint us bitterlie;
That heavenly Honour saves the Sex frae Shame,
And owre all quhair thair Fame dois fortifie.

Quod STEWART.



THE



T H E D A U N C E.

I.

O F *Februar* the fifein Nicht,
 Richt lang before the Dayis Licht;
 I lay insill a Trance,
 And then I saw baith Heavē and Hell,
 Methocht amang the Feynds fell
 Mahoun gart cry a Daunce,
 Of Shrewis that wer nevir schrevin
 Against the Feist of Fasterns Evin;
 To mak thair Observance;
 He bad Galānds gae graith a Gyis,
 And cast up Gamonds to the Skyes,
 That last came out of *France*.

II. L E T

II.

LET see, quod he, now quha begins,
With that the foull seven deadly Sins
 Begouth to leip attains;
And first of all the Daunce was *Pryde*,
With Hair wyld back, Bonnet on Syde,
 Lyk to mak vaistie Wains;
And round about him as a Quheil,
Hang all in Rumples to his Heil
 His Kethat for the Nains:
Mony proud Trumpour with him trippit
Throw skaldan Fyre, ay as they skipit,
 They girnd with hydious Granes.

III.

HELLIE Harlots on hawtane Ways
Came in with mony findry Gyis,
 Zit nevir leuch *Mahoun*,
Till Preifts came with bare schaven Necks,
Then all the Feynds leuch and made Gecks,
 Black-wame and Bawfy-broun.

Q

IV. THEN

IV.

THE^N *He* came in with Sturt and Stryfe,
His Hand was ay upon his Knyfe,

He brandeist lyk a Beir:

Boasters, Braggers and Barganers

Aftir him pafsd all in be Pairs,

All boddin in Feir of Weir;

In Jacks, Stripps, and Bonnets of Steil,

Thair Leggs wer chenziet to the Heil,

Frawart was thair Affeir;

With Brands sum on uth^{er} best,

Sum jagit uth^{ers} to the Hest

With Knives that Scheip coud scheir.

V.

NEXT followd in the Daunce, *Envy*,

Filld full of Feid and Fellony,

Hid Malyce and Dispyt;

For privy Hate that Traytor trembled,

Him followd mony Freik, dissembled

With fenzi^{ed} Words quhyte,

And

And Flatterers into Mens Faces,
And Back-byters of sundry Races,
To lie that had Delyte,
With Rownars vyle of false Leifings;
Allace! that Courts of nobil Kings
Of sic can neer be quyte.

VI.

Nixt him in Daunce came *Covetyse*,
Rute of all Ill, and Grund of Vyce;
That neir could be content;
Caryvs, Wretches and Ockerars,
Hud Pykes, Hurders and Garherers;
All with that *Warle* went:
Out of thair Throts they shot on uthir
Het molten Gold methocht a Futher,
As Fyre-flaucht maist fervent;
Ay as they tuimt themfells of Schor,
Feynds filld them weil up to the Throt
With Gold of all kynd Prent.

VII.

SYNE *Suairnes* at the second Bidding
Came lyk a Sow out of a Midding,
Full sleipy was his Grunzie;
Mony sweir bumbard Belly-huddron,
Mony Slut, Daw, and sleipy Duddron,
Him served ay with Sounzie:
He drew them furth intill a Chenzie,
And *Belial* with a Bridall Renzie
Ay lasbit them on the Lunzie.
In Daunce they were sae slaw of Feit,
They gaif them in the Fyre a Heit,
Made them quicker of Cunzie.

VIII.

THEN *Lechery* that laithly Corfs,
Berand lyk to a bagit Horfs,
And Ydlenefs did him leid;
Ther was with him ane ugly Sort,
And mony a stynkand foull Tramort
That had in Sia bene deid:

Quhen they wer enterit in the Daunce,
They wer full strange of Countenance,
Lyk *Turkas* burnand reid;
All led they uther by the —
Suppose they fyket with thair —
It might be nae Remeid.

IX.

THEN the foull Monster, *Gluttony*,
With Wame unsatiate and greidy,
To daunce syn did him drefs;
Him followit mony a foull Drunkart
With Can and Colep, Cop and Quart,
In Surfet and Excefs;
Full mony a waistless wally Drag,
With Wames unwyldy did forth wag
In Creish, that did increfs;
Drink, ay they cryd, with mony a Gaip,
The Feynds gave them het Lead to laip,
Thair Loverly was nae less,

X.

Nae Minstralls playd to them bot Dour,
For Glie-men ther war haldin out
Be Day and eik by Nicht;
Except a Minstrall that slew a Man,
Sae till his Heritage he wan,
Entert be Breif of Richt.

XI.

THEW cryd *Mahoun* for a *Earse* Padzean,
Syn ran a Feynd to fetch *Makfadzean*,
Far Northwart in a Nuke;
Be he the Correnoch did schout,
Earse Men so gatherit him about,
In Hell grit Rume they tuke:
That Tarmagants with Tag and Tatter,
Full loud in *Earse* begoud to clatter
And rowp lyk Ravin and Rowk;
The Deil sae deivt was with thair Yell,
That in the deipest Pot of Hell
He smorit them all with Smuke.

Follows



*Follows the Tournament between
the Soutar and Tailzior.*

I.

NIXT that a Tournament was cryd,
That lang before in Hell was tryd,
In Presence of Mahoun,
Betwisch a Tailzior and a Soutar,
A Prick-Loufe and a Hobell-Clouter,
The Barrefs was made boun;
The Tailzour baith with Speir and Sheild,
Convoyit was into the Feild,
With mony a Lymmar-Loun,
Of Seme-byters and Beitt-knappers,
Of Stomok-stealers and Claitch-takers,
A graceles Garrisoun.

II.

His Banner was born him before,
 Quherin was Clouts a hundred Score,
 Ilk ane of diverse Heu,
 And all stown out of findry Webs,
 For quhyle the Greit Se flows and ebs,
 Tailzior will neir be trew:
 The Tailzior on the Barrows blent,
 Allace! he tint all Hardyment,
 For Feir he changit Hew:
Mahoun came forth and maid him Knight,
 Nac Ferlie thocht his Heart was licht,
 That to sic Honnour grew.

III.

THE Tailzior hecht before *Mahoun*,
 That he suld ding the Spoutar doun,
 Wer he strang as a Mast;
 But quhen he on the Barrous blenkit,
 His clouted Courage sairly schrinkit,
 His Heart did all owre-cast:

Quhen

Quhen to the Soutar he did cum,
Of all sic Words he was quyte dum,
Sae fair he was agast.
In Heart he tuke sae great a Scunder,
A Rak of Farts lyke ony Thunder,
Flew frae him Blast for Blast.

I V.

THE Soutar to the Feild him drest,
He was convoyid out of the West,
As an Deffender stout.
Suppose he had nae lusty Varlet,
He had full mony a lousy Harlot,
Round ryding him about.
His Banner was of barkit Hyd,
Quherin Saint Girmega did glyd,
Before that Rebald Rout:
Full Soutar lyke he was of Laits;
For ay betwih his Harnes Plaits,
The Uly burstit out.

V.

QUEEN on the Tailzior he did luke,
 His Heart a litle Dwarming tuke,
 He micht not richt upfit,
 Into his Stommok was sic a Steir,
 Of all his Denner quhilk he coft deir,
 His Breast held Deil a Bit :
 To comfort him or he raid furder,
 The Deil of Knichthude gaif him Order,
 Fou fair syne did he spit;
 And he about the Devils Neck,
 Did spew again a Quart of Blek,
 Thus knightly he him quit.

VI.

THEN Fourty Times the Feynd cryd, Fy,
 The Soutar richt asfeardly,
 Unto the Feild he socht :
 Quhen they were served with their Speirs,
 Folk had a Feil be their Effairs,
 Their Hearts were baith on Flocht.

They

They spurd their Horfe on either Syde,
Synce they outowre the Grund coud glyd,
And them together brocht.
The Talzior that was nocht weil fitten,
He left his Sadle all befritten,
And to the Grund he focht.

VII.

HIS Harnes brak and made a Brattle,
The Soutars Horfs lap with a Ratle,
And round about coud reil:
The Beift that frayed was richt evil,
Ran with the Soutar to the Devil,
Him he rewardeit weil:
Sumthing frae him the Feynd efhewd,
He wont again to bein befepewd,
So stern he was in Steil:
He thocht again he wald debate him,
He turnd his Erfe, and all bedret him,
Ein quyte frae Neck to Heil.

VIII.

He lowfit it aff with sic a Reird;
 He dang baith Horfe and Man till Eard,
 He fartir with sic Feir.
 Now haif I quit thee quoth *Mahoun*,
 Thir new made Knights lay baith in Swoun,
 And did all Arms menfweir;
 The Deil gart them to Dungeon dryve,
 And them of Knichthude coud depryve,
 Discharging them of Weir,
 And made them Harlots baith for evir,
 Quhilk still to keip they had far levir
 Nor ony Arms to beir.

IX.

I had mair of their Warls written,
 Had not the Soutar bein beshitten,
 With *Belials* Erfs unblift.
 But that sac gude a Bourd methocht,
 Sic Solace to my Heart it brocht,
 For Lauchter neir I brist;

Amends to the Tournament. 253

Quherthrow I wakenit frae my Trance,

To put this in Remembrance,

Micht no Man me resist;

For this said Justing it befell,

Befoir *Mahoun* the Air of Hell,

Now trew this gif ze list.

Here ends the Soutar and the Tailzors War,

Made be the noble Poet W^m. DUNBAR.



Follows ane

Amends made to the foresaid

Knichts of the Birs and Thumble;

In Case his Joke should them provok

Owr sair to girn and grumble.

I.

BETWISHT the Twelt Hour and Elevin,

I dreamd an Angel came frae Heavin,

With Pleasand Stevin sayand on hic,

Tailzors and Soutars blift be ze.

II. HIGH

254 *Amends to the Tournament.*

II.

HIGH up for zou is ordaind a Place,
Abune all Saints in great Solace;
In Happynefs and Dignity,
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

III.

THE Cause to you is not unkend;
Natures Neglect ye do amend,
Be Craft and great Agility,
Tailziors and Soutars bleft be ze.

IV.

SOUTARS with Schune weil made and meit;
Ze mend the Faults of illfard Feit,
Quherfore to Heaven zour Sauls will flie;
Soutars and Tailziors blift be ze.

V.

THERIS not in this Fair a Flyrock,
That has upon his Feit a Wyrock,
Knoul Taes, or Mouls in nac Degre,
But ze can hyde them, bleft be ze.

VI. ANN

VI.

AND Tailziors ze with weil made Clais,
Can mend the warft made Man that gacs,
And mak him feimly lyk to fee,
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

VII.

THOUCH ~~an~~ fild haif a broken Back,
Haif he a Tailzior gude, quhar-rak,
Heill cover it richt craftely,
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

VIII.

OF all great Kindes may ze claim,
The cruke Backs, and the Cripple, Lame,
Ay howdrand Faults with zour fuplie,
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

IX.

IN Eard ze kyth fic Ferlys heir,
In Heavin ze fall be Saints full cleir,
Tho' ze be Knaves in this Countrie.
Soutars and Tailzors blift be ze.

Quod DUNBAR.

The



*The Luvers Mane that dares not
assay.*

I.

QUHEN *Flora* had owrfrett the Firth,
In *May* of ilka Moneth Quene,
Quhen Merle and Mavis sings with Mirth,
Sweit Melling in the Schaws sae schene,
When Luvers all rejosit bene,
And maist disyrous of thair Prey,
I hard a lusty Lover mene,
I luve, but I dare not assay!

II.

STRANG ar the Pains I daylie pruve,
But zit with Patience I sustene,
I am sae fettet in the Luve,
Only of my sweit Lady schene,
Quhilk for her Bewtie nicht be Quene,
Nature sae craftily alway,
Has done depaint that sweit Serene,
Quhom I luve, and dare not assay.

III. SCENE

III.

Scho is sae bricht of Hyd and Hew,

I luv but hir allone I wene,

Is nane hir Luv that may eschew,

That blenks sae of that dulce Amene;

Sae comelic cleir ar hir twa Ene,

That scho mae Luvers does effrey,

Then eir of *Greice* did fair *Helene*,

Quhome I luv, and dar not assay.

Quod STEWART.





Ane litle Interlude of the Droichs.

I.

HIRRY, hary, hobbilfchow,
 Se ze not quha is cum now,
 But zit wate I hevir how,
 Brocht with the Quhirl-wind;
 A Sargeand out of *Soudoun* Land,
 A Gyane strang in Limbs to stand,
 That with the Strength of my awin Hand
 May Bairs and Bugles bind.

II.

QUHA is then cum heir, but I
 A bauld and bowsteous Bellomy,
 Amang zou all to cry a Cry
 With a maist mighty Soun?
 I generit am of Gyans kynd,
 Frae hardy *Hercules* be Strynd,
 Of all the Occident and Ynd,
 My Elders woir the Croun.

III. Mr

III.

My fore Grandfyre heicht *Fynmackoull*,
Quha dang the Deil, and gart him zoul,
The Skyes raind Fludes quhen he wald skoul,

He trublit all the Air.

He gat my Gudfyre *Gog Magog*,

He, when he daunst, the Warld wald schog;

Then Thousand Ells zied in his Frog

Of Highland Plaids, and mair.

IV.

Sic was he quhen of tendir Zouth,

But aftir he grew mair at Fouth,

Elevin Myle wyde mett was his Mouth,

His Teith was ten Myles squair:

He wald upon his Tais upstand,

And tak the Starns down with his Hand,

And set them in a Gold Garland,

Above his Wyfes Hair.

V.

His Wyfe scho mekle was of Clift,

Her Heid wan heicher than the Lift,

The Hevin reirdir quhen scho did rift,

The Lafs was naithing sklender:

R 2

Scho

260 *Interlude of the Droichs.*

Scho spat *Loch-lowmond* with hir Lips,
Thunder and Fyre flew frae hir Hips,
Quhen scho was crabbit, the Sun thold Clips;
The Feynd durst nocht offend hir.

VI.

FOR Cauld scho tuke the Fever Tartane,
For all the Claith in *France* and *Bartane*
Wald not be to hir Leg a Gartane,
Thocht scho was zung and tendir:
Upon a Nicht heir in the North,
Scho tuke the Gravel, and staild *Craig-gorth*,
And pischt the grit Watter of *Forth*,
Sic Tyd ran afirhind hir.

VII.

ANE Thing written of hir I find,
In *Yrland* quhen scho blew behind,
On *Norway* Coist scho raist the Wind,
And grit Schips drownit thair:
Then scho fischt all the *Spainzie* Seis,
With hir Sark Lap betwix hir Theyis,
And thre Days sailing tween hir Kneis
It was esteemd and mair.

VIII. THE

VIII.

THE hingan Braes on Adir Syde
Scho powtert with hir Lymms fae wyde;
Lasses nicht lair at hir to stryde,
Wald gae to Luvairs lair.
Scho markit to the Land with Mirth,
Scho quhirrd fyve Quhails into the Firth,
Had croppin on hir * Geig for Girth,
Walterand amang the Wair.

IX.

MY Fader mekle Gow Macmorne,
Out of his Moders Wame was schorne,
For Littlenes scho was forlorn,
Sican a Kemp to beir:
Or he of Age was Zeirs thre,
He wald stap owre the Ocean Se,
The Mone sprang nier abune his Knie,
The Heavens had of him Feir,

R 3

X. ANE

* A Kind of an old fashioned Net used now for catching of Spouts.

262 *Interlude of the Droichs.*

X.

ANE thousand Zeirs ar past frae Mynd,
Sen I was generit of his Kynd,
Far furth in Defarts of the Ynd,

Amang Lyon and Beir :

Worthy King *Arthur* and *Gawane*,
And mony a bauld Bairn of *Bartane*
Ar deid, and in the Wars are slain,
Sen I could weild a Speir.

XI.

THE *Sophie* and the *Sowdown* strang,
With Battles that haif lastit lang,
Out of thair Bounds has maid me gang,
And turn to *Turkie* tye.

The King of *Francis* grit Armie
Has brocht a Derth in *Lombardie*,
That in the Countrie I and he
Can nocht dwell baith perfyte.

XII.

Swadrick, *Danmark* and *Noraway*,
Nor in the Steids I dar not gae,
For ther is nocht but burn and flae,
Cut Thropples and mak quyte.

Yrland for ay I haif refusit,
All wyse Men will hald me excusit;
For neir in Land wher *Earse* is usit,
To dwell had I delyt.

XIII.

I haif bene formest ay in Feild,
And now sae lang haif born the Scheild,
That I am crynit In for Eild
This litle, as ze may se:

I haif bene banist undir the Lynd
This lang Tyme, that nane could me fynd,
Quhyle now with this last Eistyn Wynd,
I am cum heir perdie.

XIV.

My Name is *Welsh*, therfore be blyth,
I am cum Comfort zou to kyth,
Suppose ilk Wretch suld wail and wryth,
All Derth I fall 'gar die:

For certainly the Truth to tell,
I cum amang ze now to dwell,
Far frae the Sound of *Curphour* Bell,
To live I neir fall drie.

264 *Interlude of the Droichs.*

XV.

NOW sen I am sic Quantitie
Of Gyans cum; as ze may se,
Quhair will be gotten a Wyfe for me,
Of siclyk Breid and Hicht?
In all this Bour is not a Bryde
Ane Hour I wate dar me abyde,
Zet trow ze ony Heir besyde
Micht suffer me all Nicht.

XVI.

ADEW a quhyle; for now I gae,
But I will not lang byde ze frae,
I wisch ze be conserft from Wae,
Baith Maiden, Wyfe and Man:
GOD blefs them and the haly Rude,
Gif me a Drink, se it be gude,
And quha trows best that I do lude,
Skink first to me the Kan.

F I N I S. The Droichs Part of a Play.

Auld



*Auld Kyndness quite forzet quhen
 ane grows pure.*

I.

THIS Warld is all but fenziet fair,
 And as unstable as the Wind,
 And Faith is flemit I wat not quhair,
 Trest Fallowship is ill to find,
 Gude Consciencis is all made blind,
 And Charity thairs nane to get;
 Leil Luv and Lawty lys behind,
 And auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

II.

QUHEN I had ony Thing to spend,
 And stuffit weil with Warlds Wrack,
 Amang my Friends I was weil kend;
 Quhen I was proud and had a Pack,
 They wad me be the Oxter tak;
 And at the hich Buird I was set,
 But now they let me stand aback,
 Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

III. Now

266 *Auld Kyndness quite forzet.*

III.

Now I can find but Friends few,
 Sen I was prized to be pure,
 They hald me now but for a Shrew;
 Of me they tak but little Cure;
 All that I do is but Injure:
 Thocht I be baif I may not bett,
 They let me stand upon the Flure,
 Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

IV.

Suppose I mein I am nocht mendit,
 Sen I held part with Povertie,
 Away sen that my Pack was spendit,
Adieu all Liberality,
 The Proverb now is trew I see,
Quha may not give will little get;
 Therefore to say the Verity,
 Now auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

V.

THEY wald me hals with Hude and Hat,
 Quhyle I was rich and had enouch,
 About me Friends enow I gat;
 Richt blythly then on me they leuch,
 But now they mak it wonder teuch,
 And lets me stand before the Zet;
 Therfoir this Warld is very freuch,
 And auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

Auld Kyndness quite forzet.

267

VI.

As lang as my ain Cap stude even,
I zied but seindie myne allane,
I squyrit was with Sax or Sevin,
Ay quhyle I gave them twa for ane;
But suddenly frae that was gane,
They passd me by with Hands plett,
With puirtith frae I was oertane,
Then auld Kyndness was quyte forzett.

VII.

INTO this Warld suld nae Man trow,
Thou may weil see the Reason quhy;
For ay but gif thy Hand be fou,
Thou art but little fetten by,
Thou art not tane in Company,
Bot ther be fund Fish in thy Net:
Therefore this false Warld I defy,
Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzett.

VIII.

SEN that nae Kyndness kepit is,
Into this Warld that is present,
Gif thou wald cum to Heavins Bliss,
Thy self appeist with sober Rent,
Live weil and give with gude Intent,
To every Man his proper Debt,
Quhat eir God send hald thee content,
Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.



*A D V I C E to be Liberal and
Blyth.*

I,

I Make it kend, he that will spend,
 And luvè God late and Air,
 He will him mend, and Grace him send,
 Quhylye Cativès shall have Care:
 But Praise weil pend, fall him comend,
 That of his Rowth can spare;
 We know the End, that all maun wend
 Away nakit and bare,
 With an O and an I,
 And a Wretch fall haif nae mair,
 But a schort Sheit at Heid and Feit,
 For all his Wrak and Ware,

II. For

II.

FOR all the Wrak a Wretch can pack,

And in his Bags embrace,

Zit Deid fall tak him be the Back,

And gar him cry Alace!

Then fall he swak, away with Lak,

And wate not to what Place,

Then will they mak, at him a Knack,

That maist of his Geir hes;

With ane O and an I,

Quhyle we haif Tyme and Space,

Mak we gude Cheir, quhyle we are heir,

And thankful be for Grace:

III.

WERE there a King to rax and ring,

Amang Gude-fallows crownd,

Wretches wad wring, and mak Murning,

For Dule they sould be drownd.

Quha finds a Dring, or auld or zing,

Gar hoy him out and hound.

270 *Advice to be liberal and blyth.*

Now let us sing, our Cares to ding,

And mak a gladsome Sound,

With an O and and I :

Now are we further bound,

Drink thou to me, and I to thee;

And let the Cap go round.

IV:

QUHA understude, suld have his Gude,

Or he wer clofd in Clay,

Sum in thair Mude, they wald ga wid;

And die lang or thair Day;

Not worth a Hude, or an auld Snude,

Thou shall bear hence away;

Wretch be the Rude, now to conclude,

Full few fall for thee pray,

With an O and arle I,

Gude Fallows as langs we may,

Be merry and free, sync blyth let us be,

And sing on tway and tway.

Quod Jo. BLYTH.

The End of the first Volume.



CONTENTS

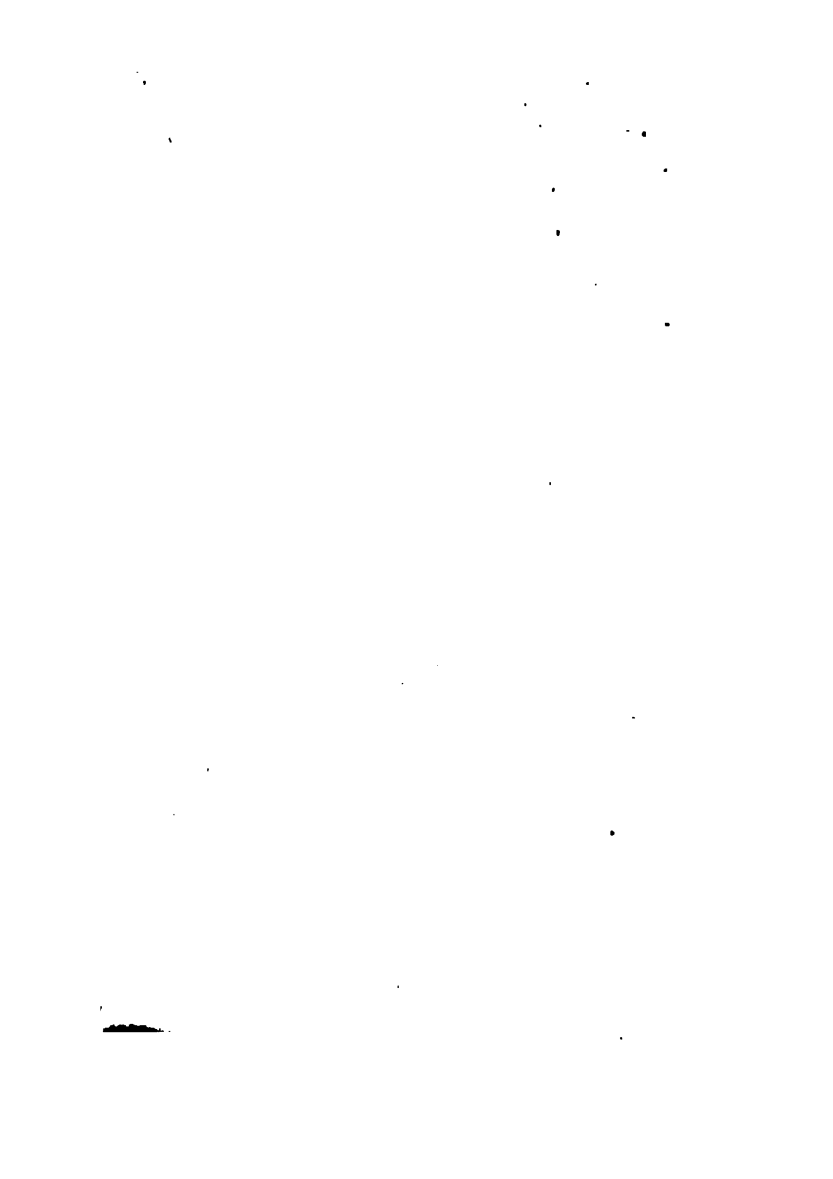
OF THE

First VOLUME.

	Page.
C HRIST's Kirk on the Grene,	I
The Thistle and the Rose,	15
Pannygyrick on Sr. Penny,	27
Virtue and Vyce,	31
Bytand Ballat on warlo Wyves,	51
Robin and Makyne,	56
Advyce to a Man to enjoy his ain,	64
The Fleming Bark,	67
Defens of Griffel Sandylands,	71
The Battle of Harlaw,	78
The Fenziet Frier of Tungland,	91
Tydings frae the Session,	98
A general Satyre,	102
Wyse Sayings,	107
The Complaint to his Mistres,	108
Cupid quareled for Tyranis,	112
Investive against Mouth Thankless,	115
The Soutar and Tailziors Flyting,	118
Ballat to the Scorn of wanton Women,	123
The Lament for the Loss of the Poets,	129
The	The

The Wyfe of Auchtermuchty,
The Borrowstoun Mous, and the Landwart Mous,
On Consciens,
On the Creation and Paradyce lost,
The Devils Advyce to his Freinds,
Ballat on J. Violet, A. Quhyt, and J. Reid,
On K. JAMES V. three Mistresses,
The Lyon and Mous,
The Tod and the Lamb,
On anes being his ain Enemy,
Benifit on Ladys that ar Gude Soliciters,
Another on the same Subject,
The Vision,
Jok 'Up-a-lands Complaint,
The Garment of a gude Lady,
To the Honour of the Ladys,
The Daunce in Hell.
The Tournament between the Soutar and Tailzor,
The Amends made to Birs and Thimble,
The Lovers Mane that dar not speak,
Ane Interlude of the Droichis,
Auld Kyndnejs quite forzet,
Advyce to be liberal and blyth.





collected by

H. Bernard Gumbel

17.11.24



